

COUNTRY LIFE

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Photo. A. ESME COLLINGS,

MISS MURIEL WILSON.

175, Bond Street.



MOOSE shooting "in snow-shoes" has been condemned as pot-hunting by some writers on Canadian sport. This, like most other general observations, needs qualifying, and in many cases is quite beside the mark. "Crusting," or hunting moose when the surface of the snow is frozen into a hard crust, through which the giant moose, weighing sometimes as much as 1,700lb., breaks and flounders, while the hunter on his snow-shoes easily overtakes him, is not sport, and is pot-hunting. Indians who shot for food naturally took this advantage of the moose, just as they shot him, or cariboo either, when swimming across a lake or stream.

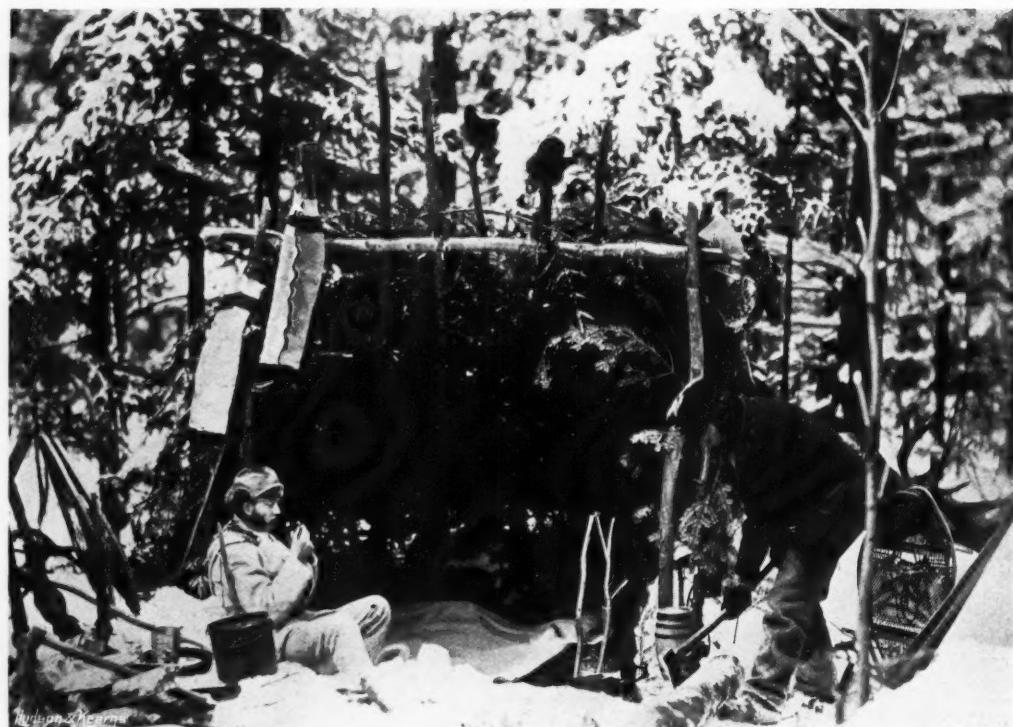
But this is not the moose-hunting in snow-shoes shown in our illustrations. Here the snow, though already far deeper than in the scenes in our first chapter on "Camp Fires in Canada," is still soft, powdery, and as yet untouched by the thaw and subsequent frost which crusts the surface later. But it is not deep enough for the moose to have assembled in the "moose yards," as they

do when it becomes difficult for them to travel. Snow causes no inconvenience to the moose, whose long legs and shoes are a necessity for the human hunter, but so far the fall powerful muscles carry him through or over it without increase of effort.

Photo, by Livernois.

A NIGHT ON A MOOSE TRAIL.

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Photo, by Livernois.

COUNTING HIS POINTS.

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But to the "still-hunter" engaged in that most difficult feat of all woodcraft, a stern chase after a bull moose, the snow does offer some advantages. He is no longer in constant anxiety that he may tread on a dry stick and so spoil his chance for twenty-four hours. The snow deadens all sound of the footfall. Mr. Trevor Batty, in describing three days after a moose in Manitoba, says of this particular obstacle to the success of the still-hunter, that in parts of the forest where dry bushes had been broken it was as bad as picking one's way over speleans, and that only the Cree Indian who was his hunter could cross them successfully and quickly. There remains the danger of a rustle from branches touching the clothes, but even this is less alarming to the moose in snow-time, when the heavy load on the boughs constantly causes little snappings and breaks and tiny avalanches in the stillness of the forest. The "Early Reminiscences" of the late Sir Daniel Lysons also contain some graphic descriptions of this

sport, and of the minute precautions to be observed in order to secure a shot.

The problem of how to follow up and kill the wariest of all woodland animals, a creature standing 18 hands high, and weighing something like 80 stone, is somewhat simplified by a moderate snowfall. It is then always easy to track him; and the parts of the forest which he frequents are easier to traverse than in summer. Then he is particularly fond of swamps, reedy lake-sides, and wet tangled cover, where he can feed easily on tall grasses in spite of his short neck and long legs. He even shoves his head under water to pull up lily roots and stems, and blows the muddy fluid out of his nostrils like a grampus when he lifts his muzzle. But when the ice forms on the marsh and pools, the swamp becomes too noisy to suit him. He makes as much commotion when moving as if he were walking on church windows. He shifts, therefore, to the dry forest, where he remains, sometimes solitary, more commonly with a female and last year's calf, until the deepening winter warns him to gather with his kind in the "yard." Formerly moose were found as far south as the Ohio. We believe that there is evidence of their having extended much further south. The Chinese Columbus who went to California declared that he saw there "horses with horns"; and as he was familiar with ordinary deer in his own country, it is probable that these were the Roman-nosed moose. But though the southern limit of moose has contracted, a lateral range from the Bay of Fundy to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains still remains for the North American representative of the largest of all deer. Huge though the really big Wapiti stag is—such an animal as Sir Samuel Baker saw and spared—"with antlers like the branches of an oak," there is no creature of the woods which gives such an impression of size as the moose. When viewed for the first time after two or possibly three days' incessant tracking, the sight "simply takes one's breath away. Shall I ever forget it! Never!" writes Mr. Battye, in his chapter on "The Land of the Great Spirit." "Immediately opposite us was a small point covered with thick willow scrub. Behind this an impenetrable background of black spruce fir trees and of golden larch. And there, topping the foremost willow bush of all, were two gigantic horns. That was the first impression—gigantic.

To me it seemed the veritable head of an Irish elk, so long was the beam, so wide apart the extreme ends of the antlers."

Still-hunting on snow-shoes, when moose is the game, is conducted on much the same principle as earlier in the season. On the part of the hunter noiseless tracking, in the hope of overtaking the animal while yet unalarmed, on the part of the hunted ceaseless vigilance, and suspicion aroused at the slightest sound. The wind must blow from the moose to the hunter if the latter is to have the least chance of success. As the animal prefers to move up wind rather than with it, and to risk danger following him rather than run into danger ahead, he aids the still-hunter to some extent. But on the slightest suspicion he moves in half-circles, to get the wind; and when resting, which he does every two or three hours, he makes off abruptly to right or left, and lies down on the flank of his own track.

A NIGHT ON A MOOSE TRAIL shows a lean-to shelter made at the close of a successful week's still-hunting in late autumn, or early winter as it would be considered here. The hired hunter is splitting logs for a Kentucky fire. Overalls and moccasins are hung from the roof of the lean-to, and inside that frail but efficient shelter is a bed of 2ft. of spruce tops covered with blankets. Rifles in cases stuck butt-end in the snow, a few tin pots, a frying-pan (bread is baked in this), and plenty of moose meat, from the flesh of the bull whose horns show to the right of the picture, complete the equipment for the camp. If anyone questions the grandeur of the prize which the still-hunter seeks in these snowy Canadian forests we would refer him to the scene in the next illustration. The moose lies in his tracks, just as he fell headlong to the shot, filling his nostrils with snow, and dashing it over muzzle and antlers, as the photograph shows with the truth of instant life. To gain some idea of the animal's dimensions, we may compare the size of this gigantic head with that of the successful hunter who is COUNTING HIS POINTS. The contrast of the tall sportsman leaning on his rifle and the profile of the hard-bitten old back woodsman who stands to the right is also striking.

Usually the party divide into pairs, remaining out as long as the fortunes of the chase make necessary. There is absolutely no danger of running short of food, even if deer flesh fail. White fish, one of the very best of Canadian edible fishes, hazel-grouse, and white hares are common enough;

meat, whether fish, flesh, or fowl, keeps for any time in such a climate.

THE RETURN TO CAMP is always an interesting moment, especially if, as in the episode shown in the plate, the parties happen to arrive simultaneously. Here are seen not only the different trophies, but the mode of carrying them, and the normal appearance of a hunter after a long day in the winter woods. The method of fastening the snow-shoes over the moccasins, of slinging deer's horns, and carrying venison, are all evident without description. The hunting knife and tomahawk are worn in the belt, just as in the days of the Iroquois and Delaware, and the only change is that duffel and cloth have, as a rule, taken the place of deer-skin for tunic and trousers. Even the cut of cap, coat, and moccasins is unaltered. Note the huge spread of the moose antlers to the right and left. Those carried by the old hunter to the left of the picture are horns of the woodland cariboo, of which we may say somewhat in our next article.

(To be continued.)



Photo, by Livernois.

THE RETURN TO CAMP.

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HIND-HUNTING.—I.

THE chase of the hind is to that of the wild stag pretty much as is a campaign in face of the enemy to a sham-fight. Whether regarded from the standpoint of Hunt servants, of the pack, or of the field, hind-hunting is about as arduous as flesh and blood can endure. It is the absolute antithesis of stag-hunting. In place of purple heather, sunny skies, hot air and cool streams, long, light days, the shining sea, and the glowing expanse of the forest, substitute short, dark days, a grey, gloomy, or probably snow-buried moorland

region, wind, rain, hail, sleet, fog, frost—singly, dually, or in combination—and icy streams in full flood. It is then positively dangerous for mounted folk to ford the Exe or Barle, whilst the effect on hounds called upon to take to freezing water must be obvious to any sportsman.

Supposing that fog does not prevent hounds being thrown into covert, hardly any atmosphere or climatic condition will stop the winter operations of the Master and huntsman of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. One gets accustomed to riding

over gates and banks and high beech hedges, upon the surface of yards of hard snow. To be capsized into a deep drift becomes woven into the wonted piece. Horses' feet, being armed with steel studs, shoes being drilled and tapped, frost is little regarded. There is scarcely any fencing, comparatively little road work, and much crossing of heather, bracken, and heathy growth and boggy foundation; and so the hunting man's great bugbear affrights not the hardy Exmoor sportsman.

Hind-hunting fields vary from a dozen at Larkbarrow, or a score at Hawkcombe Head, to forty on Winsford Hill, or fifty or sixty at Hele Bridge or Baron's Down; and those fields are essentially sporting fields, composed well-nigh entirely of local people, including a fair percentage of the fair; for people do not get up and ride away in the dark and ascend the wind-swept, mist-enveloped, frigid heights of Exmoor in winter, to flirt, coffee-house, admire the unseen scenery, or to get an appetite for a picnic in a morass. Verily, hind-hunting is the very antithesis of stag-hunting. It is, moreover, the very truest and best form of sport with hound and horn extant in Britain. By way of example, let us take a typical day.

One run I well remember. It was in November—dull and rainy, with a high, cold gale out of the north-east, and promises of snow, which were subsequently performed. We met at Louisa Gate, high above the Exe Valley, in the Dulverton country, for the vast labyrinths of the Haddon coverts. Hounds got to work soon after ten o'clock. Speedily there were deer and holloaing "all over the place." At one time I counted a hundred deer in one herd! A tough job for the officials. Drawing with the pack, the huntsman roused a mob of stags, brockets, male deer, hearsts, hinds, yearlings, and calves. Of course much mixed hunting and bucketing resulted, much dividing of the pack, much thong and rate, much excursion, alarm, and stopping of hounds. During all this the field remained observant and quiescent. To have followed the huntsman up and down the steep and stony racks, forwards and backwards along the hill, and through the mazes of the endless dripping woodlands, would have tired out a tufting pony and a first horse—to say nothing of a more than ordinary rider.

At last we got the order to mount, fall in, and charge. A single hind was forced away to the Exe, following the water to Bampton, and through the Stoodleigh coverts, well-nigh to Tiverton, whence she backed it to Pixton Park and Dulverton; thence up the Exe Valley to Bar Lynch Abbey, and steeply upwards and over the grand going of Court Down, South Hill, Winsford Hill, and Ashway Side, to the Barle river, at Torr Steps. Having soiled, and being blanched, the hind ran her foil; and we rapidly galloped back over the now snow-clad herbage of the lofty twixt-river plateau, and followed our



Photo, by Scott and Son,

BICKNOLLER.

Exeter.

doubling yet staunch hind into the Haddon coverts once more. Here we got a welcome breathing space. The hind's obvious design was frustrated. Though fresh deer were encountered, the huntsman adroitly drove his quarry through the herds. Away to the Exe and Barle yet again—a pretty good day's hunting and riding up to this, but it was barely half-time yet. From the Barle, we rose and sunk the loftiness of Hawkridge Ridge (or Clogs Down), and sank to and crossed Willingford Water, and ascended to Molland Down, with its red quagmires, and steeps and gullies; down to Sheardown Hutch, after floundering across Withypool Common, through the swift and flooded Barle, above Landacre Bridge, yet again; a pumping climb, and across the rolling expanse and stogginess of Black Barrow Down, the peaty-brown grips and turf-pits of lonely Larkbarrow, and to the wilderness of the North Forest beyond.

By this time it was evident that there was no escape for our hind—she had well-nigh shot her bolt. In the teeth of a lashing gale, laden with sleet and snow, and excoriating like a blunt razor, we splashed and stumbled through the several streams of the so-called Doone country (some score of horsemen, including some recruits, picked up *en route*), passing onwards over the ordinarily fair—now snow-buried—going of Hawkcombe Head, Lucott Moor, and Porlock Hill, and so to sea under the high, precipitous coverts of Culbone. A kill after dark added a fine finish to this noble chase, some forty or fifty miles being covered; time, over five hours, not from find to finish, but from the first departure of the hunted hind from Haddon to the sounding of the mort upon the shore of the Severn Sea.

There are days when the huntsman is enabled to handle a brace—days of excessive toil and patient skill. There are also occasional bloodless days, when vast woodlands are never quitted; when dense mist forbids unkenelling; when the hind, late forced away, runs straight on end, traversing Red Deer Land from verge to verge, darkness at last saving her life, as bounds are called off, ten, twenty, or thirty miles from home; or when the quarry, constantly running to herd, causes huntsman and pack



Photo, Scott and Son,

A MEET AT TRISCOMBE STONE.

Exeter.

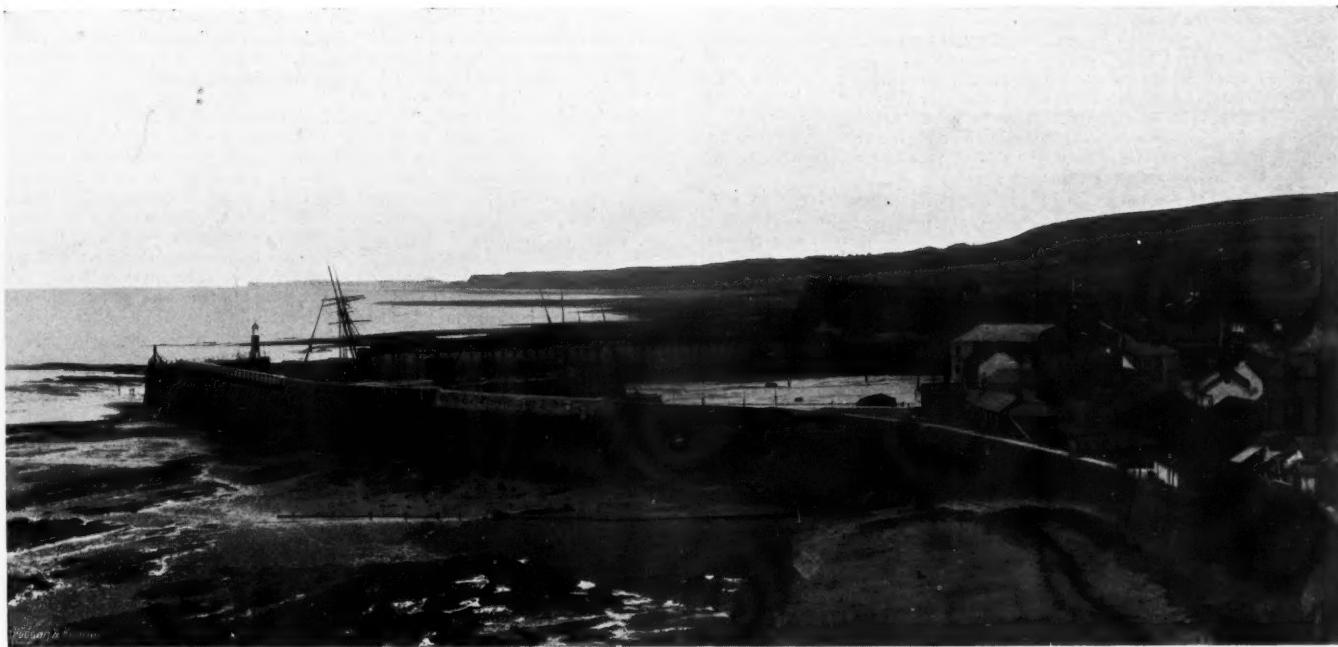


Photo. by Scott and Son,

WATCHET HARBOUR.

Exeter.

repeatedly to be confronted with a collection of fresh deer, from eight to eighty in number.

Save that hounds are faster, hind-hunting is the same to-day as it was a century ago. One finds from Lord Fortescue's "Records of the North Devon Staghounds, 1812-1818," that then hinds were stout and strategic, hard to kill, given to run to herd, and more scanty than they are now too numerous—the latter a fault on the right side, for which the greatest credit is due to the farmers of North Devon and West Somerset, together with their landlords, Lord Fortescue, Lord Poltimore, Lord Lovelace, Lord Carnarvon, Sir Thomas Acland, the late Sir F. W. Knight, Mr. Nicholas Snow, and the nobility and gentry of the Quantocks.

Thus, it is written in "The Records" that on April 15th, 1813, the pack was laid on soon after ten o'clock, and called off at half-past three. On April 23rd, ensuing, laid on at half-past eleven, handicapped by mist and snowstorms, called off at half-past four. On October 15th, 1814, they found in Haddon and killed the hind at Chapple Leigh, in the parish of Lawrence Lydiard, seven miles north-east from Wiveliscombe, after a chase of four hours and ten minutes, "going all the way at a great

rate." On May 9th, 1815, a Bray Valley hind stood before the pack for five hours, and was brought to hand at Ilfracombe. Two years later, all but a month, a hind, found in Span Wood, was killed at King's Nympton, after a chase of over seven hours' duration. There is also an account of a nine hours' run, terminating with the taking of the deer in the sea.

And that which has been said of the country comprising Exmoor and its more immediate environs pretty much equally applies to the outlying regions of the Quantocks. Of late years instances have been known of Quantock deer being run back to the forest and to the Haddon country.

The vales on either side of the Quantock range ride prettily, and afford much exhilarating banking, as those who have been privileged to hunt with the Taunton Vale Foxhounds and the Taunton Vale Harriers—particularly the latter—well know.

Most of our illustrations deal with the Quantocks, as will be detailed in the next article. But after all "the play's the thing," and hind-hunting, whether on the Forest of Exmoor, in the Dulverton country, or between Bridgwater and Wiveliscombe, is rare good sport for those who are suitable minded and constructed.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

WITH LADY GIFFORD'S HARRIERS.

VERY few packs of harriers have shown such good sport as Lady Gifford's have this season. By the New Year they had accounted for seventy-two hares, and anyone who has hunted or courséed in North Tyne or Reedwater knows what a lot of killing our heather-fed hares take.

The hounds when in the North have been at Hesleyside, and the country round is as diversified as any country can be—near the river, enclosed land, plough and grass; on the hill, heather, "bent and flow." The fences, too, are all kinds, stone walls which take a lot out of both horses and hounds; hedges, rails, and also, I am sorry to say, wire fences, which are, however, generally fairly well "gated."

The hounds are 17in. harriers, and some of them are as good as they are good-looking. Marksman, as wise as a man and with a nose like a bloodhound; Priestess, Dora, Dauntless, and Dulcima, make two couple of the smartest small harriers in England, both on the flags and in work, and to see them cast themselves at full gallop is a real treat. The pack have also a property which is often too little thought of—though no babblers, they throw their tongues freely and have very fine notes.

Lady Gifford hunts them herself and rides to them, also her second whipper-in (George Stokes); but her first whip and kennel huntsman (Ernest Dudley) is on foot, and how he manages to get so well forward is a marvel. Lord Gifford



Photo. Elliott and Fry,

THE MISTRESS AND HOUNDS.

Baker Street.

has frequently hunted them in Lady Gifford's absence, and then always on foot, but they are much too fast to run to with any comfort. The condition of the

hounds reflects the greatest credit on the kennel huntsman, for though hunting two days a week and often a bye-day, they keep in the pink of condition. They have had some extraordinary runs this season; one in the Watergate country on December 4th, and I specially remember another a little earlier from Mr. Riddle's farm, Conheath, in which the hare swam the river Reed and was killed by the hounds near Buteland, and almost disposed of before any of the field could get there. This run was remarkable from the fact that the hare ran a perfectly straight point from the moment she got up, taking no preliminary ring round, which is the invariable prelude to a hare hunt.

But I believe the run from Close Hill Farm (Mr. Gibson's) was the best and fastest. A hare was afoot before the hounds arrived, so she was not ousted to start with; but the morning was perfect, and the scent first-rate, so as soon as hounds settled down they fairly raced past Close Hill over the Riding Fell to the Reems, where the hare was viewed just in front; but served by the craggy ground and woods about Charlton, she made back to Charlton village, where, although there was no check, it is just possible we may have changed, for it seems scarcely possible that a hard-run hare could have continued to lead us the

dance this one did, climbing the hill through the entire length of Close Hill Farm to Meadhopelaw, the field being by this time beautifully select. From Meadhopelaw she hurried on through Charlton, crossing the Hareshaw Road to Cleughhead, and Greenhaugh, where the villagers, the keenest in the world, turned out to a man, and woman too. Then crossing the bare field of Burnbank, the hounds carried the line through a flock of newly-clipped sheep (a thing I scarcely ever saw before), on to Burnmouth. Here the hare jumped up in view, and a tremendous scurry ensued back to Greenhaugh, past the allotment gardens to the Hareshaw Road, which she followed for a while and came round by Greenhaugh Wood, and hounds ran into her at Snowhall in a small field by the roadside. Time, 55 min., practically without a check. Distance from Reems to Burnmouth, measures on the map four miles; so as hounds ran they must have covered a great many more. Lady Gifford is a very keen sportswoman, and has hunted a great deal with the Grafton and the Bicester. She is an expert angler as well as a fine rider, and spends much of her time in the country, her residence having lately been at the Old House, Betchworth, in Surrey, although the earlier part of this winter was spent at Lillingstone Dayrell, near Buckingham. Q.

PITCHFORD HALL.

IN Pitchford Hall, the property of Colonel James Cotes, we have an example of the ancient "black and white" timbered house such as the country can hardly equal. Pitchford is not far from the picturesque city of Shrewsbury, itself full of memorials of antiquity, and all the surrounding neighbourhood breathes the fragrance of historic tradition; but even in that district Pitchford—it gains its name from an ancient pitch well—is remarkable. Our first picture shows the long low front of an ideal house of the old stamp. To be observed with artistic delight are the stout black timbers ranged with geometrical precision, the crier window over the door, the wonderfully graceful chimneys, half-clothed in ivy, and the formally-clipped shrubs. The beauty of the whole is harmonious, and the generosity with which space was used in drawing out the original plan of the house impresses itself forcibly on the imagination. Little do the occupants of that house know of the trouble of climbing many flights of toilsome stairs; much do they know of the beauty of long passages, with the sunlight creeping in from here and there a window, of the charm of antique furniture, and of the romance of a venerable house. Somewhere in that long range of building lurks, we learn, a secret chamber.



Photo. by M. Boden.

THE FRONT.

Copyright.

climbing many flights of toilsome stairs; much do they know of the beauty of long passages, with the sunlight creeping in from here and there a window, of the charm of antique furniture, and of the romance of a venerable house. Somewhere in that long range of building lurks, we learn, a secret chamber.

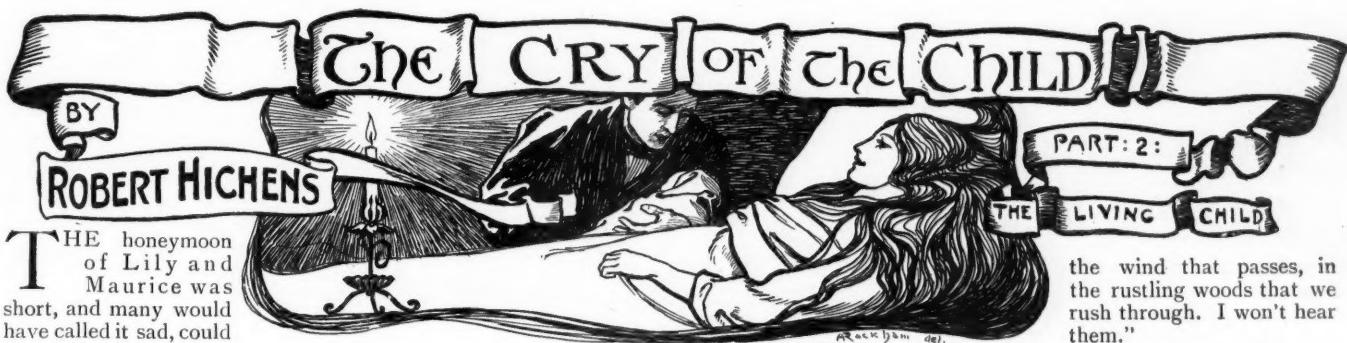
Our second illustration, showing the chequered structure faithfully reflected in the natural mirror of a gleaming pool, gives us a pleasant hint of the general plan of the house, which is built on three sides of a quadrangle, like the Garden Quad at New College, Oxford. In the middle of the enclosed space, but out of our view, is an ancient sundial, bearing, let us hope, the happiest legend ever imagined for a sundial, "Horas non numero nisi serenas"; and in that quiet plot, that nothing in the way of beauty may be wanting, lordly peacocks stretch their gorgeous necks and spread their hundred-eyed fans in the sun. Of the secret chamber we know not the history. It belongs to a date when even kings were forced on occasion to make use of such hiding-places, and it would not be at all surprising to find that Charles Stuart, who was once a fugitive from Shrewsbury, had made use of it. But to a more humble structure, a quaint summer-house squeezed into the fork of a tree in the garden, a modern tradition of Royalty attaches, for it is said that the Queen, before she ascended the throne, and when she was gentle Princess Victoria, once took her tea there. Altogether Pitchford Hall may be put down as an ideal country house.



Photo. by M. Boden.

THE BACK.

Copyright.



THE honeymoon of Lily and Maurice was short, and many would have called it sad, could they have known how

different it was from the marriage holiday of most young couples. Maurice had looked forward to the wedding as a desperate man looks forward to a new point of departure in his life. He had fixed all his hopes of possible peace upon it. He had dated new days of calm, if not of brightness, from it. He had sometimes vaguely, sometimes desperately, looked to it as to a miracle day, on which—how or why he knew not—the shadow would be lifted from his life. The man who is doomed to death has a moment of acute expectation when some new doctor places him under a fresh mode of treatment. For a few days the increased vitality of his anxious mind sheds a dawn of apparent life through his body. But the mind collapses; the dawn fades; the darkness increases; death steals on. So it was with Maurice. Immediately after the wedding, Lily noticed that he fell into a strangely watchful condition of abstraction. He was full of tenderness to her, full of cares for her comfort, but even in his moments of obvious solicitude he seemed to be on the alert to catch the stir of some remote activity, or to be listening for the sound of some distant voice. His own fate engrossed him even in this first period of novel companionship with another soul. The monomania of the haunted man gripped him and would not release him. He thought of Lily, but he thought more, and with a deeper passion, of himself.

The girl divined this, but she did not for an instant rebel. She had set up a beautiful unselfishness in her heart and had consecrated it. Purpose does much for a woman, helps her sometimes to rise higher than perhaps man can ever rise, to the pale and vacant peaks of an inactive martyrdom. And Lily was full of a passion of purpose known only to herself. She loved Maurice, not merely as a girl loves a man, but also as the protective woman loves the being dependent upon her. His secret was hers, but hers was not his. She had her beautiful loneliness of silent hope, and that sustained her.

They went away together. In the train Maurice said to her suddenly, with a sort of blaze of hungry eagerness:

"Lily—Lily—to-day there is a silence for me. Oh, Lily, if you have brought me silence."

He seized her hand, and his was hot like fire.

"Will it last—can it last?" he whispered.

And he glanced all round the carriage like one anticipating an answer to his question from some unknown quarter. Then he said:

"The noise of the train is so loud, perhaps—"

"Hush!" Lily said. "Don't fight your own peace, Maurice."

"Fight it—no, but I can scarcely believe in it. Lately the—it has been so ceaseless, so poignant. Lily, I have had a fancy that you alone could be my saviour. If it is so! Ah, but how can that be?"

She gave him a strange answer.

"Maurice," she said, "it may be so, but do not despair if the cry comes again."

"What!" he exclaimed almost fiercely, "you—do you hear it then?"

"No, no, but it may come."

"It shall not. The silence is so beautiful."

He put his arms around her. The tears had sprung into his eyes.

"How weak I am," he said, with a fury against his own condition; "you must despise me."

"I love you," she said.

He looked at her with a creeping astonishment.

"I wonder why," he said, slowly. "How can you love a man who has been so miserable that he has almost ceased to be a man?"

"I love even your misery. Don't think me selfish, Maurice. But it was your sorrow, you see, that first taught you to think of me."

He leaned from her suddenly towards the window, which was open, and pulled it sharply up.

"Why do you do that?" Lily said quickly.

"One hears such noises in the air when one travels at this speed," he answered. "With the window down one might fancy anything. I must shut out fancy. There are voices in

the wind that passes, in the rustling woods that we rush through. I won't hear them."

The train sped on.

Their destination was an inland village, set in the midst of a rolling purple moor, isolated in a heather-clad fold of the land, distant from the sea, distant from the murmur of modern life, a sleepy, self-contented and serene abode of quiet women and ruminant men, living, loving, and dying with a greater calm than often pervades our modern life. A lazy divinity seemed to preside over the place, in spring time at least. Men strolled about their work as if Time waited on them, not they on Time. The children—so Maurice thought—played more drowsily than the children of towns. The youths were contemplative. Even the girls often forgot to giggle as they thought of wedding rings and Sunday love-making. Little dogs lay blinking before the low-browed doors of the cottages, and cats reposed upon the garden walls round-eyed in sober dreams. If Maurice sought a home of silence, surely he had it here. Lily and he put up at a small inn on the skirt of the village and facing the rippling emptiness of the moor. Before going to bed they stepped out into the night and the wide air. Stars were bright in the sky. Cottage lights twinkled here and there behind them in the village. They heard a stream running away into the heart of the long solitude that lay beyond them. Lily was very quiet. Her heart was full. Thoughts, strange and beautiful, overflowed in her mind. She felt just then how much bigger the human soul is than the human body, how much stronger the prisoner is than the prison in which nevertheless it is dedicated to dwell for a time. Her hand just touched the arm of Maurice as she looked across the soft darkness of the moor. He, too, felt curiously happy and safe. Taking off his cap he passed his hand over his hair.

"Lily," he said, "peace is here for me in this place with you. My brain has been playing me tricks because I have been so much alone; the devil dwells in a man's loneliness. Listen to the silence of these moors. What a music it is."

The lights in the cottages were extinguished one by one as bed claimed their owners. But Maurice and Lily, sitting on the dry fringe of the heather, remained out under the stars. Her hand lay in his, and suddenly she felt his quiver.

"What is it, Maurice?" she asked.

He got up and made a step forward.

"Lily," he said, "there is—there must be someone near us, a child lost on the moor, or forgotten by its mother. I hear it crying close to us. Say you hear it too. No, no, it is not the old sound. Don't think that. It can't be. There's a natural explanation of this—I'll swear there is. Come with me."

He pulled her hastily up and pressed forward some steps, stumbling among the bushes. Then he stopped, listening.

"It is somewhere just here by us," he said. "I must see. Wait a moment. I'll strike a light."

He drew out his match-box and struck a match, protecting the tiny flame between his hands. Then he bent down searching the uneven ground at their feet. The flame went out.

"I wish I had a lantern," he muttered.

"Maurice," Lily said, "let us go back to the inn."

"What! and leave this child out here in the night. I tell you there is a child crying near us."

He spoke almost angrily.

"Let us go back, Maurice."

He stood for a moment as if uncertain.

"You think—" he began, then he stopped. She took his hand and led him towards the village in silence. As they reached the inn door the faint light from the coffee-room encircled them. Maurice was white to the lips. He looked at Lily without speaking, and he was trembling.

"Wasn't there anything?" he whispered. "Is it here too? Can't you keep it away?"

Lily said nothing. She opened the inn door. Maurice stepped into the passage, heavily, almost like a drunken man.

• And this was the first night of their honeymoon.

The incident of the moor threw Maurice back into the old misery from which he had emerged for a brief moment, and indeed plunged him into an abyss of despair such as he had never known before. For now he had sincerely hoped for salvation, and his hope had been frustrated. He had clung to a belief

that Lily's love, Lily's companionship might avail to rescue him from the phantom, or the reality, that was destroying his power, shattering his manhood. The belief was dashed from him, and he sank deeper in the sea of terror. They stayed on for a while in this sleepy hollow, but Maurice no longer felt its peace. Remote as it was, cloistered in the rolling moors, the cry of the child penetrated to it, making it the very centre, the very core of all things hideous and terrible. Even the silence of the village, its aloofness from the world, became hateful to Maurice, for they seemed to emphasise and to concentrate the voice that pierced more keenly in silence, that sounded more horrible in solitude.

"I cannot stay here," he said to Lily. "Let us go back. I will take up my work again. I will try to throw myself into it as I did when I was a student. I shut out the living cry then, I will shut out the dead cry now. For you—you cannot help me."

He looked at her while he spoke almost contemptuously, almost as one looks at some woman whose courage or whose faith one has tried and found wanting.

"You cannot help me," he repeated.

Secretly he felt a cruel desire to sting Lily into passion, to rouse her to some demonstration of anger against his cowardice in thus taunting her love and devotion. But she said nothing, only looked at him with eyes that had become strangely steadfast, and full of the quiet light of a great calm and patience.

"D'you say nothing?" he said.

"If you wish to go, Maurice, let us go."

He had got up and was standing by the low window that looked across the moor.

"Don't you see," he said, "that I am going mad in this place? And you do nothing. Why did I ever think that you could help me?"

"Try to think so still."

She, too, got up, followed him to the window, and put her

two hands on his shoulders. "Perhaps the time has not come yet," she said.

Suddenly he took her hands in his and pushed her a little way from him, so that he could look clearly into her face.

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" he said. "Sometimes I think you have some secret that you keep from me, some purpose that I know nothing of. You look as if—as if you were waiting for something, were expectant; I don't know—" he broke off. "After all, what does it matter? Only let us go from here. Let us get home. I hate that stretch of moorland. At night it is full of bewailing and misery."

He shuddered, although the warm spring sunshine was pouring in at the window. Then he turned and left the room without another word. Lily stood still for a moment with her eyes turned in the direction of the door. Her cheeks burned with a slight blush and her lips were half opened.

"If he only knew what I am waiting for!" she murmured to herself. "Will it ever come?"

She sank down on the broad old-fashioned window seat, and leaned her cheek against the leaded panes of glass. The bees were humming outside. She listened to their music. It was dull and dreamy, heavy like a golden noon in summer time. And then the white lids fell over her eyes, and the hum of the bees faded from her ears, and she heard another music that made her woman's heart leap up. She heard the first tiny murmur of a newborn child.

It was sweeter than the hum of bees. It was sweeter than the soul the lute gave up to the ears of Nature when Orpheus touched the strings. It was so sweet that tears came stealing from under Lily's eyelids and dropped down upon her clasped hands. She sat there motionless till the twilight came over the moor, and Maurice entered, white and weary, to ask her impatiently of what she was dreaming.

(To be continued.)



WHY the Norwegian Elkhound has not become more popular amongst English women is hard to divine. It is aristocratic in appearance, its coat is fascinating to the touch, while its colour, of soft opossum grey in two shades, is of great beauty. In disposition the Norwegian is not only courageous, but also docile and domestic, while its courage enables it to be used for large game. Notable among English sportsmen in Norseland is Sir Reginald Cathcart, who with these

hounds has hunted many an elk, wolf, and bear; no higher authority on the points of the brave and beautiful breed can be found. It is only fitting, therefore, that his wife should possess one of the finest specimens of the Elkhound, for in Jaeger Lady Cathcart certainly owns one of the finest Norwegians ever imported. He has only been shown twice, as perhaps is hardly to be wondered at, for no one with such a dog, and knowing how near perfection he is, could care to exhibit him in foreign variety classes, against African Sanddogs and Hairless Mexicans. The portrait we give was taken last year at the Botanic Gardens, when he made his first appearance in public and won the Premiership. By-the-bye, there was an attempt made to form a club for Elkhounds, but it has apparently fallen through for the present, owing to the small number of owners of the breed, although the Hon. Mrs. Harbord and the Rev. C. Longinotto are enthusiastic supporters. Lady Cathcart divides her affections between Norwegians and Collies, and exhibits in both varieties. She is a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which she is also a vice-president.

Of the many varieties of Eastern dogs which from time to time the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison has brought home to Kepwick Park, none have made themselves more popular than the Bhutanese or Tibet Terriers. Mrs. Morrison calls them Bhutanese because they come from the Calcutta side of India, where Bhutan and Sikkim fringe Tibet. They are bred as Zenana pets, and are always chosen as the companions of women and children. Like the Skye, which it much resembles on a smaller scale, the Tibet Terrier is of two sorts—prick-eared and drop-eared. Like the Skyes, they vary in colouring, but they differ in one respect—that they are seldom whole coloured, for nearly all have white chests or white fringing. The Bhutanese are short-legged and long-bodied; they are also both long-haired and short-haired, and in the former the tail is very bushy and curled high on the back, while in the latter it exactly resembles that of the Skye. With the fawn



MRS. SAMUELSON AND HER JAPS.

colour black eyes are usual, and with blue the eyes are generally of a soft brown. Mrs. McLaren Morrison's dog Bhutan is a white with black patches, and Buta is the grizzle grey of the Bobtail. Both are long-haired and drop-eared. BHUTAN AND BUTA have each won prizes in the foreign variety classes, and Bhutan has become quite a popular personage. No more comical sight can well be imagined when viewing the benches at a dog show than to come suddenly upon this woolly-headed sharp-eyed little dog sitting up and watching your advent with keen interest. At the Earl's Court Show he carried a box for the charity, and that few passers-by could resist his pleading there was good evidence given by his box having to be emptied of its contents several times a day. Mrs. Morrison has bred some beautiful puppies from her Bhutanese, and several ladies are so fascinated with their intelligent ways and quaint appearance that ere long we may see the breed fairly established. (Since writing the above, Bhutan has died, much to the regret of his owner.) Among the first to follow Mrs. Morrison's lead is Mrs. Jocelyn Otway, who now owns a pair.

The wonderful group of Jap Spaniels taken with Mrs. Samuelson at Beaulieu is a triumph of the photographic art, not to say patience, for to keep nine little fussy dogs quiet even for three seconds would seem an utter impossibility; yet one can see by the photograph that "not a hair stirred." The whole picture is perfect in portraiture, and what is more, equally perfect in the display of show points. Mrs. Samuelson owns in these dogs a matchless kennel, and the picture certainly portrays their excellence. I really cannot remember how many challenge cups, championships, and other hall-marks of value her little Spaniels have won, but this much is certain, that Mrs. Samuelson commands the fullest share of all that is ever offered at the leading exhibitions, for very wisely she does not care to show her dogs except at the Ladies' Summer Fête, the Kennel Club, and the Pet Dog Show. Her champions are Jipse, and Nami Nippon.

The pretty picture of two dogs, a Borzoi and a Jap, whose uplifted faces have suggested the title A HYMN OF PRAISE, represents two favourites belonging to Miss Maude Thompson, the pretty daughter of that most popular of Toy exhibitors, Mrs. L. H. Thompson, of Wolverhampton. Both dogs are imported specimens of their varieties, the Spaniel coming direct from Japan, and the Borzoi from Count Stroganoff's



Photo. by T. Fall,

VUTKU.

Baker Street.

kennels in Russia. The Jap is registered at the Kennel Club as Pierrot, but his home name is the gentle one of Fiend, suggested by his daring and love of attacking big and small dogs, or indeed anyone who dares to offend him by approaching

too nearly to his royal person. Pierrot resents familiarity of any kind, and loves to enjoy his meals in the most isolated corner. In the way of eating he is most whimsical, and loves to gather tit-bits and lay them by to tempt his jaded appetite. This done, he will sit some distance away until his appetite has been sufficiently whetted by the longings of other dogs, whose heads are promptly snapped off if they even glance in the direction of his *bon bouche*. Pierrot has only been shown once, but on that occasion took a third prize in good company. The Borzoi, Ssawladay, unlike his tiny companion, is a very gentle dog to everybody and everything but cats, and cats he cannot endure, nor will he permit them a moment's ease if he catches sight of them. Ivan is the kennel name to which Miss Thompson has taught Ssawladay to answer, and his first

introduction to his mistress is no doubt remembered by Pierrot to this day. Miss Thompson was making very friendly advances to the Borzoi, which enraged the Jap into his usual bombastic attack upon Ivan. The Borzoi, resenting the impertinence before friends, quickly picked the Jap up by his fluff and ran with him to the kennel. The mite was instantly rescued, but no mark was found on him, and from that day the two have been great friends. Ssawladay is a prize-winner of some distinction.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is taking the greatest interest in the black Pug, Black Gin's, beautiful puppies, which were born on Christmas Day, and are, like the mother, very puggy. Black Gin (who is a daughter of the Champion Duke Beira) when a puppy herself won the silver cup at Holland Park, and at the Botanic last year she was awarded the bracelet and Premiership for best of her sex in the show. The sire of the puppies is Miss Mortival's Ebony Jack. Talking of the Sandringham dogs reminds me that Miss Head's Borzoi, Lady Olga, has had a litter of ten fine puppies by Alex, the leading Borzoi of England. I had always known that Lady Lonsdale was a lover of dogs, and I knew she had some extremely rare hound-marked (not dappled) Dachshunds, but it was news to me to hear from her

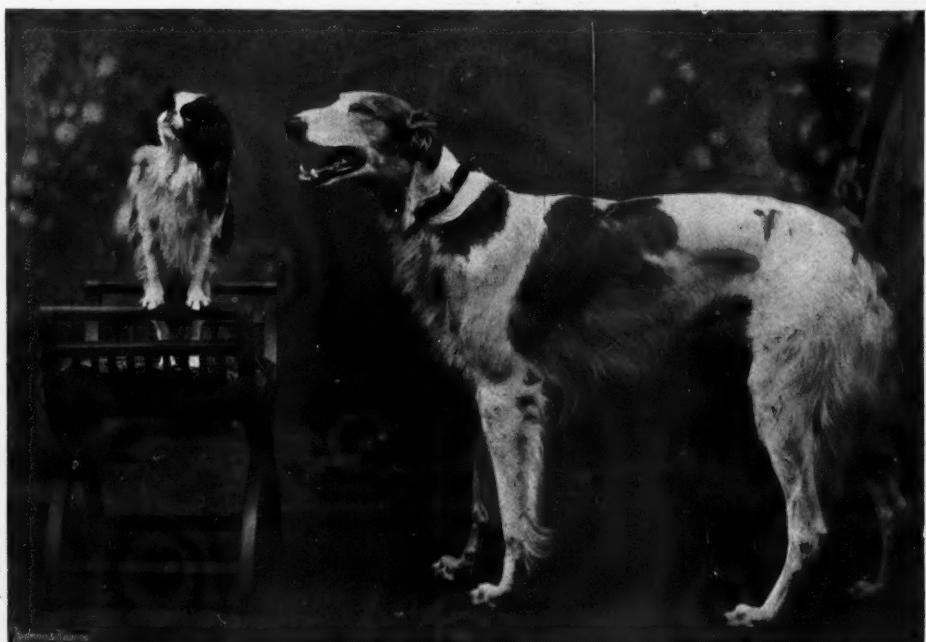
J. R. Clarke,
BHUTAN AND BUTA.

Photo. by Bennett Clarke,

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Wolverhampton.

the other day that she kept a small pack of black and tan beagles, and was very fond of hunting with them. The Countess is generously offering prizes for her favourites at the Ladies' Summer Show.

It is whispered that the Ladies' Kennel Association will have over 100 valuable challenge trophies added to their possessions this year, and that the majority of the prizes will be given for the encouragement of breeding good dogs. This I certainly think an excellent idea, and one that will be valued by every woman who owns a kennel of any size. Up to date the honours have gone mainly to exhibitors, and the interest of the amateur breeder has been wholly lost sight of. A. S. R.

NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

THE West Herts Fanciers' Association, whose annual autumn show at Watford now ranks as one of the best in the South of England, deplores the loss of the Messrs. Pulman, the hon. secretaries. Both brothers are active fanciers, and by perseverance and strict attention to the thousand and one details necessary for the successful carrying on of such a fixture, have made the autumnal show a gathering worthy of support. Fox-terriers have always been a feature here, last year's collection, judged by Mr. George Raper, being one of the best seen in the vicinity of London during the season, at least two of the *d'butants* having since attained very high honours. It is this section that may suffer by the retirement of the Messrs. Pulman, for the younger brother is exceedingly well known among terrier men, and the fact that he undertook the sole management of the dog section accounted for much of the support tendered by breeders in all parts of the country. For some time it has been apparent that the work was too much for business men, and so the Messrs. Pulman were,

compelled to resign. It is surprising to learn, from the balance-sheet just issued, that over £300 was paid in prize money and specials at the last show.

A memorable show will be that of the Wharfedale Agricultural Society, to be held at Otley the first week in May. The centenary of the promoting society—one of the oldest in the country—is to be celebrated, and the dog section, as well as other departments of the show, is to have a share of the many extra prizes to be awarded in commemoration of the centenary. Close on a hundred classes are scheduled, four money prizes to each class, and, in addition to a large number of valuable trophies, seven gold commemorative medals are apportioned to the dog department. Fox-terriers and Collies, with over twenty classes between them, will undoubtedly form a show in themselves; whilst Airedales and Irish Terriers, with eight classes each, should also make exceedingly fine collections. The former are, in fact, seen at their best at Otley, Mr. M. Barrett, a local enthusiast, generally undertaking an active part in the management of this part of the show. Special efforts are being made to secure South Country representation, and it is quite possible that several members of the South of England Airedale Terrier Club will journey North for the show.

Within the last few days several important announcements have been made as to the dates of spring shows. The metropolitan season in lead promises to be far busier than was the case last year, the Pet and Foreign Dog Show arranged to be held at the Westminster Aquarium on May 3rd and following days having secured far more patronage than was the case at the corresponding gathering in 1897. The following clubs are among those having already promised support: Dachshund, Toy Spaniel, Pug, London and Provincial Pug (quite a distinct combination), Schipperke, Pomeranian, Poodle, Chow Chow, Japanese Spaniel, Belgian Griffon, and the recently-formed Yorkshire Terrier Club. This should prove the finest show of dogs of the varieties named yet held in England. What a pity, however, that it is not an outdoor fixture! The various canine societies, increasing in number every year, are also arranging their fixtures, the Sidcup and district club, the formation of which was noted in COUNTRY LIFE at the time, having already secured Easter Monday for the inaugural show. As there is no similar fixture nearer than Southport, the venture ought to be a success'ul one, especially as novices are to be offered great inducements to enter their dogs. The Wimbedon and District Canine Society also open their season with a half-day show at Mitcham on April 2nd, whilst both the Kensington and Essex and East London Societies have shows in course of arrangement. In addition to the Pet Dog Show already noted, the fixtures of the London Fox-terrier and the Bulldog Clubs are also to be held at the Aquarium in May.

Bedlington Terriers are, it is very gratifying to note, being boomed in the South of England. Let us hope that a note on this very interesting variety appearing in this column some months ago has had a little to do with this revival. There is, however, clear proof that the Bedlington, once quite unknown any distance from his native village in Northumberland, is rapidly gaining popularity. A good English breed such as this one undoubtedly is ought not to lack patronage, as has been too apparent of late. Miss Oliver, winner of the championship at Cruft's, has been sold by Mr. J. Smith of Montrose to Mr. Harold Warnes, Cranley Grange, Eye.

Matches between dogs that have previously met in the ring, to be judged on points, are not encouraged by the Kennel Club, for reasons very well known, but now and then one is arranged. Mr. H. E. Monk's challenge on behalf of his wife, to show her toy black and tan Terrier against any other benched at Cruft's, has passed unnoticed by those interested; whilst another, thrown out by a Leicestershire breeder of Dalmatians, has met with a similar fate. Now, however, there appears to be every chance of the well-known Bulldogs Galtee More and Enfield Jim meeting for £50 a side. Mr. Harling Cox has offered to find the money for the former, owned by Mr. W. J. Pegg, of Wimbedon, and suggests that two judges who have not previously had the dogs before them be appointed by each side, Mr. S. E. Shirley, J.P., chairman of the Kennel Club, to act as referee. This ought to prove an interesting encounter. BIRKDALE.

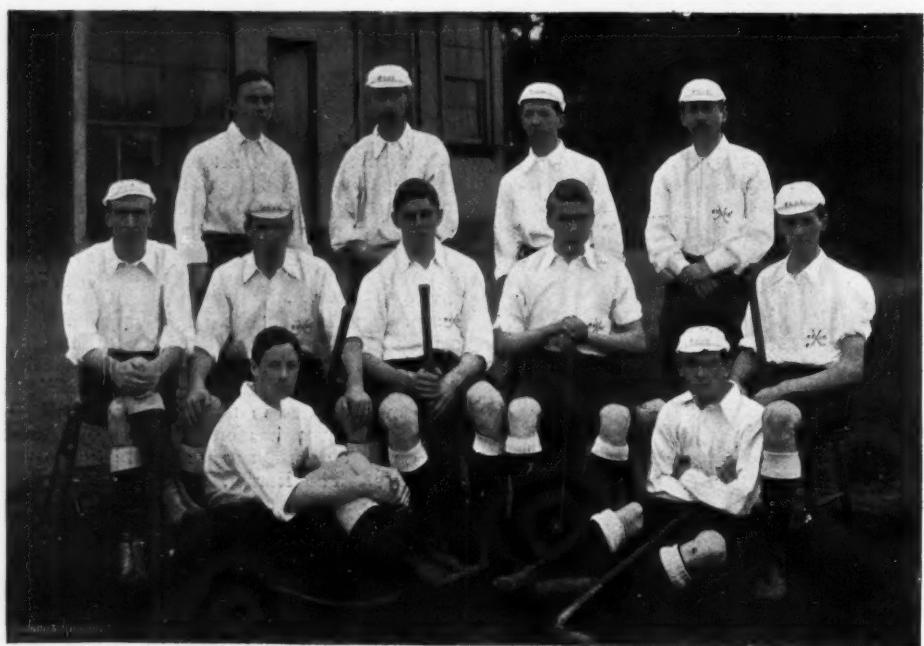


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THE OXFORD TEAM.

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THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.

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Hockey.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

HOCKEY is a game which, under the names of "bandy," "stick-a-bandy," or "shinty," is of great antiquity. It is also reviving in popularity, and is a pastime pursued by ladies, who play with impunity to themselves, but are liable to maim men when the sexes take the field together. At the Universities, and particularly at Oxford, hockey has a long way to travel before it obtains recognition as a warrantable occupation. Progress in the status of strange games is slow. Time was when to be in the Eight, or in the Eleven, or to represent the University in the Sports, was the essential condition of obtaining a full "blue." Football was a business of half "blues."

To boast that one represented the University at lawn tennis was to court insult. In like manner at least one of our public schools the introduction of lawn tennis was criticised with great severity, as being liable to interfere with cricket, the serious business of life. In these days the minor games are emerging, but at Oxford, at any rate, they have not emerged much. Certainly the Cambridge team trifled with the champions of Oxford at the Old Deer Park in the recent University match, and the Oxford men will have to improve a great deal before they aspire to show the Dark Blue above their waistbands. In the pictures of the game which we give, no idea of the hollow character of it is conveyed. It is curious to note the number of Old Marlburians who appeared for the rival Universities. Four were among the champions of Cambridge, five among the Oxford men. In the Oxford team also there were five men from Keble, none from Brasenose, or Christ Church, or University. That looks as if the game were not universally popular.

Various Pastimes.

IN golf, Cambridge "Present" has again shown its strength in beating a good team of the "Past." Mr. H. de Zoete, we may well think, was not a little pleased at a revenge on Mr. J. L. Low for the beating that the latter had given him when Cambridge visited, and defeated, Blackheath. Against Oxford, too, Mr. Low had done great things, so it was all the greater plume in Mr. de Zoete's cap to beat him. Another excellent win was that of Mr. Clive Lawrence from Mr. Braybrooke, especially as the former has lately been much out of form. Mr. Darwin, for the "Past," had a good win of three holes from Mr. P. W. Leathart. The whole match, of fifteen players a side, was very well contested, "Present" winning by the fair majority of twenty-one holes to fifteen.

But if Cambridge has been doing well in team matches, Oxford is doing scarcely less well. It was perhaps not very wonderful that the University, playing on its own green, should have defeated a useful team of the Worcestershire Golf Club by thirteen holes to four, or, again, a fair team of the Warwickshire Club by the heavy odds of thirty-eight holes to three; but what is distinctly creditable is that they should have completely worsted a side of the Guildford Club on the latter's home course. The point which strikes one in all these matches in which Oxford has been engaged is the strength that is shown all down the team. The leaders are often sorely tried by the best of their opponents—against Warwickshire, despite the University's heavy win, the three leading players, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Lushington, and Mr. de Montmorency only had a credit of one hole to the good as the combined result of their matches; against Worcestershire, both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Lushington were beaten by a couple of holes each, and the same two lost by two holes and one hole respectively to Mr. Walter Carr and Mr. Howell, of the Guildford Club; but generally these teams of the clubs have one or two leading lights, with very minor satellites to attend on them, while the Oxford people, and Cambridge no less,



Photo. by Stearn.

IN PLAY.

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WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

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THE OXFORD GOAL IN DANGER.

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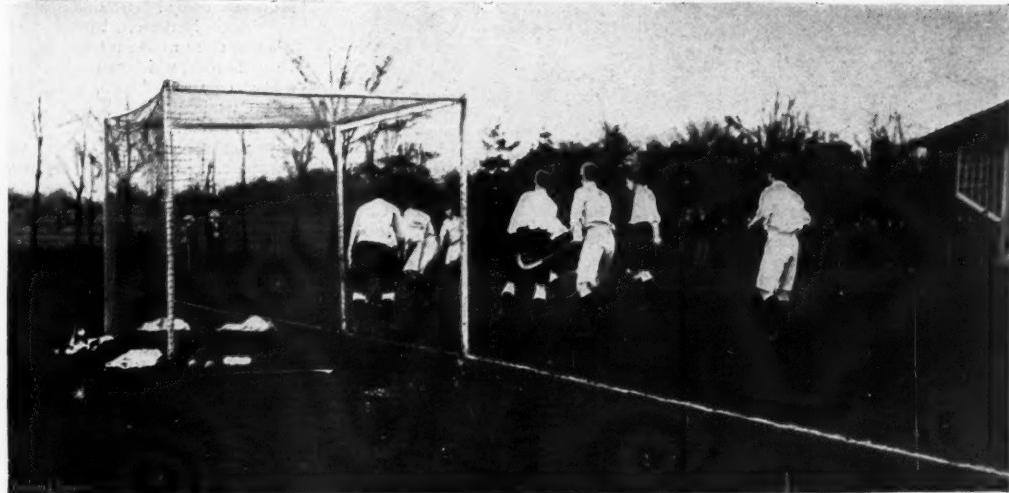


Photo. by Stearn.

THE OXFORD GOAL SAVED.

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have a strength all down the list that commonly turns the aggregate result very heavily in their favour.

A very sad event in the history of the golf of the year has occurred lately, in the death of the amateur champion, Dr. Travers Allan, at the early age of twenty-two. Ever since his rather unexpected, but therefore all the more gallant, victory last spring, he had been in failing health, but the whole golfing world has been terribly shocked by the fatal termination of his illness.

We see that Simpson and Sayers have been having some practice in partnership on the Balgownie links of Aberdeen, in preparation for their big match against Andrew Kirkaldy and Herd, the dates of which have been fixed at April 14th for the playing of the first thirty-six holes at Aberdeen, and April 21st for the final two rounds at St. Andrews. The opponents of the two first-named professionals in their late practice encounter were Mr. J. McCulloch and Mr. M. M. Duncan, of the Aberdeen Golf Club, to whom they allowed four strokes in each round. A very good match ended in the professionals' favour by two up and one to play.

The Universities in combination have not always reached the reputation of their individual careers, witness their great collapse last year before London and District. However, on Thursday last they retrieved their fame by an unexpected victory of revenge of 3 goals to 1. Although much weakened by the absence of Vassall, the forwards were a class too good for the London backs, and, what is not common in such matches, they combined very fairly. Alexander proved the chief goal-getter, and was dribbling beautifully, as he can, but is generally one of the very small class of players who play a too unselfish game. Of the others Jameson made himself quite a reputation, and by his excellent centring went a long way to win the match. For half the match London had perhaps more than their full share of the game, but could not penetrate Adams and Simpson, who both tackled with the vigour of their several reputations. The victory was the more noteworthy as London had won all their matches since early in November, and last week took six goals against one of the strongest of the professional teams.

There is now being discussed the formation of a more than usually interesting new club, to wit the London Irish Rugby Club. Ireland has lately been quite in a class by herself as regards the style of forward play, and has already witnessed her superiority by defeating England. London is full of good Irish players, and if the Irish Union follow the example of the Scotch, and look to their London team to provide a considerable quota of Internationals, there should be no doubt about the immediate success of the new venture.

The fashion that prevailed not long since of selecting in turn entirely amateur and entirely professional elevens for the International matches has been wisely discarded. Uninfluenced by the fact that last Saturday's match was only against Ireland, the committee wisely selected the best possible team, and though only two amateurs were included, namely, G. O. Smith and W. Oakley, these were without doubt the two finest players on the field. The details of such a match are not of much interest, where the one team is so manifestly a class above the other; but, nevertheless, the Irishmen showed that they have improved their game immensely, and if only some half-backs could be found, the team could become quite first-class. It is curious that Campbell, of Cambridge fame, was not asked to keep goal; his omission must surely have been an oversight, and his presence might have made all the difference, as owing to the hopeless wetness of the ground shooting was almost impossible, and it does not take much to change a defeat of 3 goals to 2 into a draw.

The Cambridge University sports have effectually dissipated certain gloomy prognostications. Although the president, Carter, was prevented from running, the list of performances reached an exceptionally high level, and the racing as a spectacle was as good as could be wished. Two performances, however, stand out as pre-eminent. First, in the hurdles, three men finished in a lump in the extraordinary time of 16 1-5sec.; after a prolonged discussion the judges allotted the race to the old "blue" Maundrell, putting Pilkington and Paget-Tomlinson equal second, but all three were so close that a majority of the spectators were of the opinion that the latter won, and some were convinced Maundrell was third. The second great race was the mile. As was expected, it lay between the old "blue" Graham and the two freshmen Hunter and Workman. The three were all in a bunch at the top of the straight, but Graham found the pace too severe, and left the two freshmen to fight it out. Both finished very pluckily, but Hunter, who had a manifest superiority in style, sprinted finely, and won by some yards. The time was 4min. 26sec., an improvement of many seconds on the winner's previous performances, who was unplaced even in the freshman's mile. If style goes for anything, Hunter may be expected to improve several more seconds in the near future. As to prospects for the Inter-Varsity sports, Cambridge should win the mile, quarter, and weight for certain, while the rest, excepting the three mile, are fairly open.



NO hunting men would have described last week, as far as weather was concerned, as being likely to produce good sport, for snow and hail storms were of frequent occurrence; yet the Southdown managed to secure two excellent gallops, one on Wednesday and the other on Friday. This result was brought about rather, I expect, by the straight-necked foxes that were before hounds on those two occasions than by any very great quantity of scent. On the first of these two days the meet was at the Old Ship, Plashett, a lonely wayside hostelry situated some five miles from Lewes, which always reminds us of one of the inns described in "Handley Cross," where Mr. Jorrocks' hounds used to meet. Mr. Brand commenced, as usual, by drawing Plashett Wood, but some time elapsed before he succeeded in finding, and when he did at last get a fox on foot, pursuit was hopeless, for hounds got away on the worst possible terms with their quarry. Better luck, however, awaited us at Bentby Wood, for scarcely had hounds been thrown into covert, than they spoke to the line of a fox, which afterwards proved to be one of the boldest that has been before the pack

this season. The bitches were soon out of covert and racing away to Plashett Wood, where, wonderful to relate, the fox kept straight on instead of trying to double back in this big wood, as most do. In the open at the bottom end of the covert hounds check for an instant, but they are soon going again, and take the field by Clayhill to Upper Wellington, and then for some little way parallel to the river Ouse. On reaching Hamsey hounds check, but a whipper-in gets a view of the fox, with the result that the pack is soon set going again. The line still keeps close to the river until Lewes is almost reached, when the fox crosses the river and runs up the hill towards the County Gaol, but he probably got headed here, for he ran into one of the streets of Lewes. The fox ran through the garden of one of the villas and endeavoured to hide himself in the ivy, but he was soon dislodged, and after a final effort at escape, fell a victim to the perseverance of the Southdown bitches. This run measures from point to point between six and seven miles, and most of the way the pace was decidedly fast, Mr. Brand now decided to send hounds home.

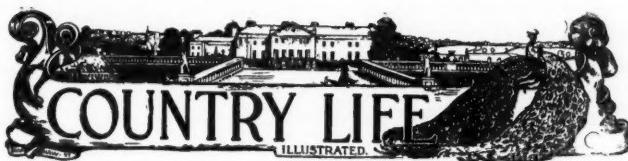
Friday, when the meet was at Pyecombe, commenced much the same as Wednesday, for there was an entire absence of sport for the first hour or two; in fact, hounds did not succeed in rousing a fox until they had reached Newtimber Wood, although the coverts near Hassocks Station, Danny Park, and Randolph's Copse were tried. Just as hounds were put into Newtimber Wood, a very heavy storm of sleet came on, which was afterwards followed by a fall of snow. The weather had scarcely cleared before the welcome "Gone away" sounded on the north side of the covert. Hounds now raced away across the intervening fields to Shaves Wood, and then hunted steadily through these until they reached the north-west section of the covert, where they got into the open country once more, and went away over the grass fields near Blackstone village at a tremendous pace. Still keeping in a straight line, we came to a little covert near the roadside, where a check occurred. Wadsley cast down wind, but failing to hit off the line tried in the opposite direction, but there he was also unsuccessful, so he was forced once more to cast down wind. This he did, and hit off the line of his fox not half a dozen yards from where he tried the first time, a piece of very hard luck on our persevering huntsman. Hounds now ran on, and we soon found ourselves in the Crawley and Horsham country; but still the cry was "For'ard," until Cowfold Monastery was behind us. Hounds were now reduced to slow hunting, and presently threw up, while I returned home.

The very first thing that met my eye on coming down to breakfast this (Friday) morning was COUNTRY LIFE's portrait of Lord Lonsdale and the big dog hounds. Very good it is, and with a certain feeling of compunction I reflected that I ought to have been going out with the Quorn, for an account of a run with those hounds would have been quite in the natural order of things this week. However, the horse was gone on to meet the Belvoir, and my stable-companion was going to the Quorn at Willoughby, so I knew I should hear all about it at dinner. I had a young horse I wanted to try; foxes are not very plentiful just now in the Willoughby country, and I had no desire to wait about in the cold; whereas at Folkingham Gorse the Belvoir are sure to find, and there is a capital stretch of grass, and the fences, though strong, are jumpable as a rule. If you can live with hounds over this country, you may know you are riding a good horse. Folkingham Gorse was to have been the first draw, but hounds were taken instead to Newton Wood, where Capell had heard there was a fox. Hounds showed a line directly they were in covert, and gathering pace and confidence as they ran, hunted on to Aswarby village; there they got on the grass and an improvement was shown in the pace. The pack closed up and began to drive forward, not seeming to be going on very fast and yet making the best of their field gallops, when, unluckily, just as the fox seemed pointing for the thorns he was headed, and hounds turned, and crossing the lane which runs parallel to the railway, ran hard into a small covert near the line. From the shrill chorus that immediately arose, it was evident that fox and hounds were in the covert together, and before long they were racing along, the fox almost in view right up to Scredington village. I should have said that it was a cold day with occasional storms in the air, which probably affected the scent, and quite suddenly when in the same field almost with the fox hounds threw up their heads, and the run was over, though hounds marked him to ground a little further on. The young horse had now had enough and I went back. My friend summarised the Quorn sport briefly. Many people, few foxes, company good, foxes bad, Tom Firr hunting hounds again.

That was Friday. Thursday with Mr. Fernie was a capital day. There are no two coverts in this or any hunt which have given more pleasure to hunting men than Glen Gorse or Norton. Shangton Holt rests on a historic fame. Gillmorton has never been the same since the profane hand of the retired pork butcher rooted up the Peatling coverts now many years ago. But Glen continues year after year not only to yield foxes, but sport. The meet at great Glen is always a great draw, accessible to many of the Pytchley men; Meltonians, too, can come by special to Kibworth, and have no more than a comfortable distance to trot along those liberal grass sidings which bound the Leicestershire and Harborough turnpike. It was what the Press calls a representative gathering, and served to show how many interests meet in the hunting-field.

There is the usual moment of suspense at Glen Gorse, not, indeed, as to whether there will be a fox there, for that is almost certain, but as to which side he will break, which as we know makes all the difference. The cry of hounds, a blast on Charles' horn, a holloa from Thatcher, and we are streaming away past Captain Maudslay's house, with Burton Overy on the right and some stiff fences in front. This is the right side, and if hounds can run at all you may have a gallop more or less good, but in any case it cannot be a bad one. This fox chose a beautiful line going pretty straight to Stretton, and then turning to the left went into Thurnby Gorse. Hounds pressed him through this, which is but a small covert, and drove him on to the rougher and less good scenting ground at Stoughton, where he got into a rabbit hole. The best of the day was yet to come. It is no long distance from Stoughton to Norton Gorse. To find a fox in Norton Gorse and run him up the Ashlands Valley and across the Skeffington Vale is as nearly a perfect line as even High Leicestershire can produce. This was the course taken by the fox. Everywhere was grass, hounds were always driving forward, fences were before you which you can get over, and a line of gates parallel to the chase if you need such help, and if when the Skeffington Vale was reached your heart failed you and you looked for help to the road, you found the highway convenient and the company on it good. Hounds swung over the road in front of you, and the country became easier and hounds now pointed for the Coplow. You could ride to them again, even if all the qualifications of a first-flight man was not yours. Short of the Coplow by nearly a mile the fox was beaten. He wavers and runs down a hedgerow, and those who had the inside turn could view him making his last struggle brush down and back arched, teeth set, but old fox-hunter as I am I love not these last scenes. Who-whoop. Well, hounds deserved blood.

X.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

PRESHAW HOUSE.—The beautiful residential and sporting estate, Preshaw House, Hants, has been acquired by Baron de Bush from Mr. Walter Long.

Big Game Guns.

WE spend a good deal of thought and attention on the weapons and appliances that suit us best for the shooting of the driven partridge as he tops the fence and the rocketing pheasant as he comes over the tree-tops. It is fully as important that we should choose our weapons and appliances with equal forethought when the quarry is to be the wild elephant charging through the undergrowth, the Indian buffalo, whose nasty habit it is to turn hunter and track the gunner, or one of the great cats crouched for its spring. On each of these occasions it is at least as important that weapons should not fail as when we are shooting off a tie for the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo. There was a time when this was a question that concerned a few folk only. A man that had shot a lion found himself a lion on his return home. Now it is almost as difficult to meet a man who has not shot big game as a lady who has not written a book. The interest in the best rifles for big game shooting has become a general interest.

The first point on which we need to be quite clear, in the discussion of this as of most similar questions, is the business that we want our rifles to perform. We do not want them to kill at long ranges—we may at once clear the ground of that consideration—but at short ranges we want the effect to be deadly, and we want it to be instantaneous. It is no personal use to us if the charging bull elephant dies five minutes even after receiving our shot, if that shot has failed to stop his immediate charge. His ivory may perchance figure as an asset of our estate, but it will be our executors that will have the disposal of it. A few years ago the writer asked a noted tiger shot what weapon he would choose to have in his hand if he knew a tiger were at the other end of a small room. The answer was prompt. "A twelve-bore scatter-gun, loaded with shot." The shattering effect of the charge of shot entering virtually ball-like—but with a greater and more immediate shock, as its

wounding area would be greater than that of even the largest bullet—would incapacitate a soft-skinned creature at that range more completely than any other load. For the pachyderms a more massed weight would be needed to ensure the penetration, but the principle—that of delivering an immediately "shocking" blow—remains the same. This effect the old elephant hunters used to ensure by the use of weapons of very large calibre carrying proportionately large loads of powder and weight of bullet. Selous' account of his early shooting with these small cannons makes our shoulders ache as we read it. He tells us that the effect in his own case of these weapons, with their terrific recoil and noise, was a shattering of the nerve from which he has never recovered. We may observe, by the by, that if this Selous, as we know him, be a nerve-shattered thing, that other Selous (that might have been, but for the great elephant gun) would be worth going a deal further than South Africa to see. But whatever we may think of the effect on Selous, the effect on the quarry was altogether undeniable—the great bullets stopped them dead. On the same principle Sir Samuel Baker is an advocate of the soft spherical bullet, expanding when it hits a bone and shattering by its weight and momentum.

It is not to be forgotten, in laying emphasis on the need of weight, that the weight becomes valuable only in union with pace. The momentum—joint product of weight and speed—of the projectile, and the area affected by its blow, are the principal points to attend to. With their great loads of black powder, in barrels of vast calibre, propelling balls of heavy weight, these old hunters achieved this result, and their methods had an immense merit—that of simplicity. In these days of many inventions this is a merit too apt to be overlooked. If you have had a close argument with an elephant or a lion, and your weapon has suffered a damage, you cannot call a cab and drive off to—whom shall we say?—Messrs. Hollands in Bond Street, or Boss in St. James' Street. You have to do the putting to rights for yourself, with such instruments as you may have by you. The mention of Boss suggests the single trigger for the double barrel, and therewith the further reflection that the hunter will need to drag his weapon through jungle and brushwood, and, therefore, the more reduction he can effect of such outstanding occasions of danger as triggers, dog-heads, bolts, etc., the better. The "bolt action," excellent as it is in many points, is on this account not altogether good for sporting purposes.

But those old elephant guns, though they had one or two good qualities that the cleverer modern guns sometimes miss, had their vast defects—their weight was stupendous, the weight of their ammunition scarcely less considerable, and we have already seen the effect of their recoil, on the nerve even of a Selous. In most cases big game shooting means hot work—tropical work—and in all cases it means hard work. If there is a quality that is to be placed even second in a big game weapon to that of stopping and killing power, it is lightness of carriage. The ingenuity of modern gunmakers has not been defeated in its efforts to combine the two. Perhaps in all pursuits the opinions of those men to whom those pursuits mean bread and butter are to be preferred above all others; and from among them we may quote Neumann, a professional elephant hunter whose book has just been published by Mr. Rowland Ward. He gives his verdict in favour of the relatively light, small-calibre guns, always with the proviso that the bullet be properly prepared. Or, if the opinion of an amateur be preferred, for after all in a matter of life and death even the amateur does not form his opinions lightly, Mr. Littledale, most deadly and most modest of all sporting shots, is of a same way of thinking. In his Thibetan expedition he used a sporting Mannlicher, with which he kept the whole of his following well supplied. Neumann used, *inter alia*, a .303, but found the repeating action poor. Of any magazine apparatus perhaps that of the Krag Jorgensen pattern, attached to the small-calibre Norwegian rifles, is the best and least liable to go out of gear. The preparation of the bullet is important, but simple. Filing off the nickel point sheath, so as to leave the soft lead bare, is enough to make the bullet "mushroom" neatly. And this is all you need. It is not enough, as a statesman suggested lately in the House of Commons, to "flatten" the bullet's head, nor necessary to hollow it or bore it through. These drastic measures give it unnecessary spread, spoiling the quarry both as a specimen and as an article of food.

Greatest of all advances that we, of modern days, have made over the older hunters has been in the powder. In place of the black stuff, with its thundering noise, its terrific kick, its sulphurous smoke, we have powders relatively noiseless and recoilless, and virtually without any smoke at all. These advantages are obvious. Between many powders there is little to choose; between some, as cordite and ballistite, Equity Judges alone distinguish. Both these are good—as also cannonite, rifleite, and normal, and even Walsrode and Troisdrift. All are good and clean. In addition to the qualities named, they have the essential of giving good "initial velocity," more valuable in this matter of big game shooting than any amount of "stored energy." Most of them "smell horrid," but, after all, that is a detail, provided they kill the game.

COUNTRY NOTES

A MEETING of old Etonians held on Monday last marked the birth of an institution for which we venture to augur success, founded upon a principle which will probably be imitated and extended. School associations and companionships are closer and more permanent than those of later days. The old Etonian remembers to the end of his life as an equal "So-and-so, who was at my tutor's" or my "dame's," and of similar quality are the memories that go back to the Hill at Harrow, the Close at Rugby, Dean's Yard at Westminster, and so forth. Cricketing groups, the Harrow Wanderers for example, football clubs, annual gatherings in London, and school festivals like the 4th of June, Domum Day, the Westminster Play, and Harrow Speech Day, perpetuate these wholesome recollections of happy days; but it has been reserved for Eton to take the lead in a new movement with a substantial and beneficial object. A register of old Etonians is to be made as accurately as may be; a list of those who leave the school is to be kept rigorously. The club is to have Lord Rosebery for president, Mr. W. Durnford for secretary, and Mr. Arthur T. B. Dunn for treasurer. It will expend its money "on schemes for the general benefit of Eton and Old Etonians." We applaud particularly the generality of the terms in which the object is defined. A committee including Lord Harris, Lord Dartmouth, Major Henniker, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, and Mr. W. F. D. Smith can be trusted to exercise a wise discretion.

Nothing has come under our notice for a long while more moving than the numerous illustrations published by the *Australasian* in connection with the recent bush fires in Gippsland. One picture in particular, with its brief legend, represents a scene unique not only for pathos, but also for the ingenuity of utter despair. The legend runs:—"The Waltho Family: Childers Settlement: when fire overtook them Waltho dug a hole, put the children into it, and covered them with wet sacks, saving their lives." And there is the whole picture before our eyes; in the distance the flames and smoke, hard by the wooden shanty that will be consumed in an instant, in the foreground the small grave, of life, not of death. Two little children are already in it, the soaked sacking half over them. The desperate mother clings in a last embrace to her youngest child; the sturdy colonist is damping the flimsy sack from a bucket. It is all grim and tragic, but not melodramatic, for the story is true; and we see in the rough form of Waltho a brave man of infinite resource.

Few things are more entertaining to the man or woman at a loss for occupation during an hour or two on an afternoon than to stroll into Messrs. Christie's rooms, which one may do after or before going through those clever sketches by the late Sir Frank Lockwood which make every looker-on sorrowful in the midst of amusement. For at Christie's one may study human nature not only in the objects which are on view but also in the viewers. Certainly few more varied collections could have been seen than those which were exhibited on Saturday from the collection of the late Mr. James Gurney. Gold and silver plate was there, the former of exceptional beauty and curious design, pictures, armour, and stray curios. Most striking of all was a collection of exquisitely-worked locks and keys of steel, to each of which was attached a history. Looking at it, one saw at once the justification for such a collection; yet they are odd things to collect. Coloured prints, of course, were there in great abundance, for there is a rage for them. But it will not last, and those who do not love them for their own sakes will be well advised to realise before the rage is past. Sir Walter Gilbey, who is a great collector, was among the keenest spectators.

As the traveller is dragged slowly through Central Wales from Aberystwith in an alleged train, he perceives with astonishment that one of the stations is named Strata Florida. The name, being neither Welsh nor English, excites his curiosity, and on enquiry, or on reference to the guide-book, he finds that he is near to the ruins of an ancient Cistercian building. In fact, the Abbey of Strata Florida, the lines of which have been laid bare by judicious excavation superintended by Mr. Stephen Williams of Rhayader, is one of the most interesting spots in Wales. Now we had heard rumours of Vandals in those parts, modern as well as ancient; but we discredited them. A letter, however, from the Rev. Evan Jones, vicar of the parish, to the *Western Mail* upsets our hopes. The facts appear to be that the ruins stand on glebe lands, that a new church is about

to be built, and that parts of the ruins have been carted away for the purpose. The vicar, whose English style suggests translation from idiomatic Welsh, writes: "Many loads of loose stones with some insignificant portion of few yards of local stones from the ruins have been carried down for the new church." The vicar defends his action on the ground of poverty, and because "the immortal souls of dying sinners living so far from the parish church are far more precious and valuable than the local stones of old Cistercian monks." That is all very fine; but the destruction is deeply to be regretted. Stones are not dear in those parts, and the lover of ancient edifices will be inclined to say that the vicar's use of "local" tends to obscurity, and that his use of "insignificant" begs the whole of an important question.

The Cymric character of English "as she is wrote" by the Rev. Evan Jones calls to mind the recent astonishment of certain London papers on learning that three out of four of a Carnarvon jury understood no English, and had therefore given a verdict, of which the judge disapproved, in blissful ignorance of the case of the English-speaking plaintiff. In fact, it is more than likely that the statement was strictly true. Inasmuch as most of the evidence in Carnarvonshire and Anglesey is given in Welsh, and interpreted for the benefit of the judge and counsel, no harm is done in ordinary cases. The jury simply do not hear the addresses of barristers or the judge's summing up, but decide upon the evidence. But where evidence is given in English, it is not interpreted; which is absurd: monoglot Welsh farmers have to find a verdict not only without the help of advocates and judge, which may be no great loss, but also without understanding the evidence. It is said, of course, that they learn English in the schools; but they forget it very quickly, for it is not the language of their life in the house, or on the farm, or in the market.

Interest in gipsies is not what it was, and one learns, almost with surprise, that Lady Victoria Herbert, Lord Carnarvon's sister, has restored the tomb of Richard Stanly, the "King of the Gipsies," which has stood in Highclere Churchyard since 1822. In the past generations gipsies were a far more familiar topic, and the mysteries of their origin and language were regarded with much interest. That eccentric genius, Borrow, devoted great attention to them, and in the drawing-room ditties of our youth the gipsy was often celebrated. We recall a few lines more or less accurately:

"Come, fly with me now!"
 "Can I trust to thy vow?"
 "O yes, come away!"
 "Wilt thou never betray?"
 "O never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,"
 "I will never betray thee, my own gipsy maid."

The odd thing is to find the king, who died at twenty-two, not only buried in the churchyard, but commemorated in an epitaph; for the Dutch call the gipsies Heiden, because, as Brewer says, "they are heathens"; and other nations often call them by the place from which they came to them first. Thus the French named them Bohemians, the Italians called them Wallachians, and they call themselves Sinte, believing that they come from Scind. The Romany language proper is described as corrupt Sanscrit.

The chilling east winds of March are upon us once more, and March dust has made its appearance. The old proverb tells of the value of March dust, but its need is not so urgent this year, as work is well forward on the farm. The dry, cold weather suits the lambs, which have lately arrived, the lambing season being now almost over. Sheep always do better in dry than in wet weather, provided they have plenty of suitable food. Flock-masters have nothing much to complain of: there have been few losses, although there is a rather remarkable deficiency of twin lambs. There is an old Lincolnshire proverb to the effect that when a man has a ewe and pair of lambs, he must take care not to finish with three "culls"—a cull being the outcast of the flock.

The spring sowing is now mostly completed. Large breadths of barley, oats, and pulse have been sown under the best possible conditions—a fine level bed prepared by natural means, for no amount of harrowing and rolling will give such a fine tilth as drying winds and frosts. East winds and frost have checked the pastures, and farmers are regarding more complacently the clamps of roots which are left. There is an old prejudice in the Eastern Counties in favour of leaving a few hundred tons of mangel and a rick of hay until March. They are often very useful in March, before the grass grows.

The annals of the regimental championship of military racquets are monotonous; in seven years the 12th Lancers have been six times champions, and once only reduced to the honourable position of runners up. Throughout the period Captains Crawley and Eastwood have represented their regiment. Both

are racquet players of the first order of merit ; Captain Crawley, indeed, is one of the most accomplished players ever turned out by Stevens of Harrow, and if there ever lived a more complete master of the game, it has not been our good fortune to hear his fame. He is, as the *Times* points out, also the only man who has ever scored centuries in "Eton and Harrow" and in the University match. Captain Eastwood is also a first-class player, trained at Eton, but he would be the first to admit that Captain Crawley is the prince of the game.

There is likely to be keen competition for several lots included in the catalogue of the effects of the late Colonel North, to be put up at Avery Hill, the palatial residence occupied by the Nitrate King, near Eltham. The racing and coursing trophies form an interesting collection, for apart from the Goodwood, Brighton, and Liverpool Cups, there are several valuable mementoes of the prowess of the late colonel's greyhounds in the coursing field. Of these, "the Waterloo Cup of 1892," weighing 544oz., is the principal one. It comprises a silver-gilt two-handled cup and cover, 3ft. high, and surmounted by a large model of Fullerton. To commemorate this famous dog's first victory over the Altcar country, when he divided with his kennel mate, Troughead, in 1889, an embossed silver-gilt jug, weighing 183oz., was purchased, whilst in 1891 a circular shield embossed with medallions of coursing scenes, Fullerton, and views of Avery Hill and the Eltham kennels, formed a very suitable memento. All these are included in the sale, as well as the identical hares killed by the hero of Avery Hill in his record Waterloos, 1889, 1890, 1891, and 1892. There are also some fine sporting pictures, including Charlton's masterpiece, Fullerton and Bit of Fashion, and one or two other coursing subjects by G. A. Holmes.

The Shannon Electric Power Syndicate, of which Lord Lurgan is chairman, are using every effort to get to work and harness in the "lordly Shannon," but they will have some trouble with the fishery owners and riparian proprietors, who are naturally very jealous of any scheme which would be likely to injure the fishing. It is proposed by the Syndicate to use Lough Allen as a reservoir, to cut a two-mile canal on the Clare side of the Shannon below Castleconnell, and the works to be erected at Doonass Falls. All this reads suspiciously like trespassing on sacred waters, and there is but little doubt that the scheme will receive a good deal of opposition. The first object of the Syndicate would be the supplying of electricity to Limerick, but if successful it is expected that a large extent of country could be served.

A movement is on foot amongst the sportsmen of Ireland to raise a memorial to the late Captain Trotter. During his long reign as Master of the "Royal Meaths" he was most popular with all classes, and many will be only too glad to bear tribute to the high estimation in which poor "Jock" Trotter was held as a sportsman of the best type.

Very lamentable is the death, at the early age of twenty-two, of Dr. Travers Allan, the amateur golf champion of 1897-98. Those who saw the play this year at Muirfield, where young Mr. Allan, who was then a medical student of Edinburgh University, won his laurels, saw much that surprised them in his golf besides his actual execution. He used to bicycle to the green, play without nails in his shoes, bicycle back again, and withal showed an imperturbable nerve which seemed indicative of the possession of physical endurance in a remarkable degree. Of all engaged in that tournament, perhaps he was the last that one would have expected to be cut off so soon by an untimely death. The latest news that we heard was that his illness had taken a turn for the better, but perhaps it was only that delusive heightening of the spirits, rather than the health, that is sometimes seen in cases of consumption. It was in the excellence of his approach and putting play that lay the strength of the late Dr. Allan's game. The sad news of his death will have been read with deepest regret by a very large number of golfers.

Snow-water is spoiling the immediate prospects of fishing, but it should be a blessing for the season to come, for our rivers have fallen sadly short lately of this most fruitful of all their sources of supply. Nor can we think that the trout fisher on the early Devonshire streams—and in Devon they have had an abundance of snow this year unusual for that Western county—will suffer in the long run, for we fancy that the fish wanted some slight tonic, such as that of the snowy cold water, to help them into condition after spawning. When the water clears again, and it is clearing as we write, the fisher should fill his creel.

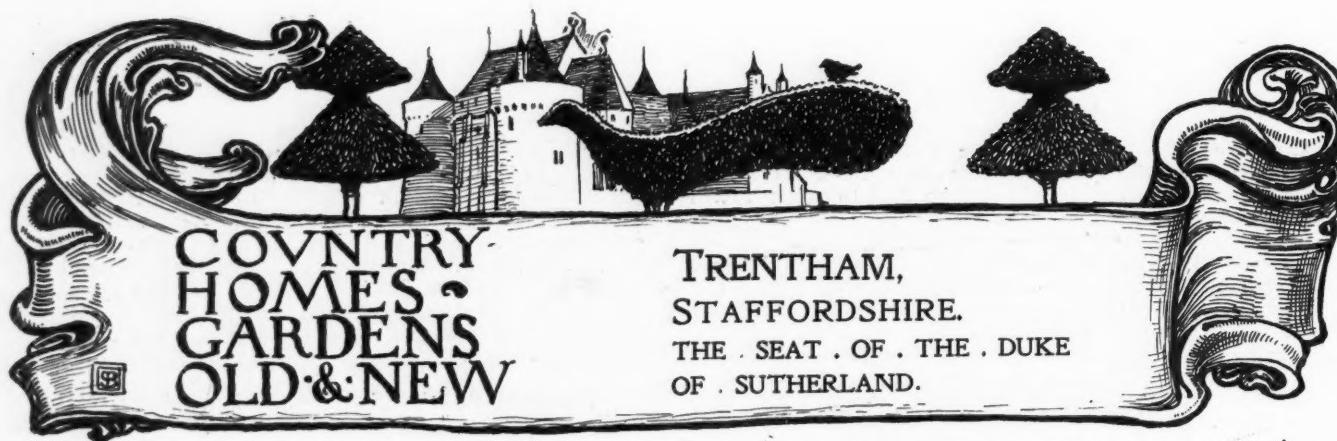
There is a certain point in the immortal controversies between rod-fishers and the netters at rivers' mouths that seldom seems to be treated with its due emphasis by either of the

disputants. The fact is that the net-fisher, too, has an interest, only rather less immediate than that of the anglers, in allowing a fair proportion of the salmon to pass up the river. Salmon seek to enter the rivers for one principal object—that of making their way ultimately to the spawning beds which are the nurseries of their posterity—and it is very evident that the policy of forbidding any large proportion to achieve this object is on all fours with the murder of the goose that laid eggs of gold. Of course, it is a point that is perfectly well known to everyone, whatever his special interest in the salmon catching may be, but yet it is an argument that we seldom see urged with its due force on the netters by the anglers. As our sympathies are largely enlisted on the side of the latter, we would suggest to them that they might make more capital out of this line of logic in the future.

The poor little dabchicks have been falling into a great deal of disgrace lately for the destruction that they no doubt deal to the young fry and ova, but we doubt whether that is a circumstance in comparison with the injury done by the long-necked, broad-billed swans. There are prophets of woe who say that the Thames can never again be a salmon river, because of the multitudes of pike. We are scarcely of their way of thinking, for though pike have doubtless been on the increase in the last ten years, one would scarcely dare to say that they have increased since the date—not decades, but a century or so back—when river owners used to make a practice of cutting ditches for their special nurseries. The pike was a more highly-respected person in those days than he is now that he is relegated to the class of "coarse fish," and it was with pike in numbers thus fostered that the Thames salmon of old had to fight. The swan, however, in his present multitudes, is a newer enemy, and we doubt if he will not be found fully as fatal.

A delicious story of the fate of the last great auk, told by Dr. Kenneth Campbell, of Oban, has been brought to light by the *Westminster Gazette*. Half a century ago a weird bird with a huge beak was stalked and caught alive by the St. Kildans. Then the island parliament, of which a good deal has been heard lately, sat in solemn conclave. Evening came and no decision was reached. The prisoner made night hideous; and next day it was solemnly pronounced to be possessed by the devil, and was sentenced to be stoned to death. So perished the last great auk, and the St. Kildans not only lost a great sum of money by their superstitious cruelty, but also even omitted to keep the carcase. How the mouth of Mr. J. C. Stevens, the foremost of promiscuous auctioneers, will water when he hears the story. That mangled body, preserved, would have been worth more than all the horrid relics of Prempeh's blood-stained capital that were sold on Saturday.

In most country houses there is apt to be an accumulation of oil tubs. Either they are not considered worth the sending back, or the servants forget to return them, or they are kept until a use shall be found for them. The uses to which they can be put are manifold. They make excellent dog kennels, after they have been burnt out and a doorway cut in the top. Hoisted upon a pole, there are no better dove-cotes. As they have held oil before, so now they may be kept to hold water, catching the rain from the roof. Their uses are legion; but lately, though it is no absolute novelty, the notion of planting flowers and even fruit in them has found growing favour. The proportion of tubs returned to the oilmen grows, in proportion, less, and it may end in a heavy demand on the manufacturers of these homely articles. The fruit that is specially grown in the tub is the strawberry. There is no mystery about its culture, and he who reads may grow it. First catch your tub, cut holes, about the size of golf holes, or less, over its spherical sides at distances of about a foot apart. Knock out one flat end of the tub, and cut another golf hole in the other. On this flat end with the golf hole set the tub up where you wish that it should stand. Then commence filling it with mould and rich stuff suitable for strawberries' growth. When you reach the first golf hole in the side put in a strawberry runner, and lead it out through the hole; then put in earth again till you come to the second hole; lead a runner through this, and so on until each hole has a runner, and the tub is full of mould. Then wait, water reasonably, and watch them grow. It is charming to see how the young leaves form curtains and hangings about it; delightful when the white flowers begin to embroider themselves about on the green background; luscious, finally, when the red and ripe fruit takes the place of the blossom. The whole is as ornamental as it is useful, and you have found a new use for your oil tub. Why not use a whisky tub, and have it brought to table as a centre-piece, with the berries growing about it? Then your guests might have the rare pleasure of plucking their own dessert at the dinner table. But this use of the tub, whether for oil or whisky in its original purpose, is not confined to strawberry growing or to fruit. Banksia roses or any climbing thing will do.



TRENTHAM,
STAFFORDSHIRE.
THE SEAT OF THE DUKE
OF SUTHERLAND.

TRENTHAM is more famous, perhaps, for its gardens than for itself. The situation is one of especial beauty. Behind the house, indeed, to the north, a few miles higher up the Trent, are the thriving towns of the Potteries, but these do not obtrude upon the fair scene, and notwithstanding their proximity, it is observed that plant life is here very robust, and certainly wholly satisfying to behold in its varied forms. The aspect of the gardens and park in summer, and, indeed, throughout the year, is extraordinarily beautiful, and testifies to the care bestowed upon them by the noble owner. The pictures well illustrate their special characteristics and merits. Perhaps no place in England—unless it be Chatsworth—is so sumptuously laid out, and since the present Duke of Sutherland came into possession a great deal has been accomplished in adding further to the beauties of the place. The chief work has been the cleansing and purification of the lake. The Trent had grown foul by reason of the sewage of the great towns above, and it became necessary to supply the water from another source. Happily it was found possible to maintain the level of the lake

by conducting into it various sources of supply from the hills. The work of diverting the Trent was one of very great labour, but all difficulties were overcome, and the river joins a culvert underground, being thus conveyed through the grounds and out into the proper channel lower down, and away from the surroundings of the house. Needless to say, Trentham, by this great work, has been made almost a different place, and it is an illustration of the loving care bestowed upon the domain. Among other improvements recently brought about is the rearrangement of the great conservatory.

As the pictures show, the flower garden is of an essentially formal character. This is especially true of the great garden on the south side, but even lovers of landscape gardening will admit that it is in excellent keeping with the house it adorns. From the mansion, on this side, a splendid view is obtained, the eye being carried over the beautiful formal foreground to the ornamental water, from the margins of which the land rises, with woodland, to form a charming setting to the picture. Especially glorious is this prospect of the Tittensor Hills when autumn





GARDENS OLD AND NEW; TRENTHAM; THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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clothes the steeps with its resplendent hues.

A stone terrace, with a parapet or balustrade, extends round the house, connected with a gallery, and as the visitor paces this delightful walk, with charming alcoves and classic canopies for statues here and there, he beholds a magnificent panorama of the valley of the Trent. But there is nothing to exceed in beauty the great view from the south terrace, already alluded to, with its acres of flower-beds, its myriads of blooms gloriously massed for their colour, and the lake and the wooded hills beyond.

The flower garden calls for special notice. In its formal character it may be classed as a very fine example of the Italian style. We have, as it were, three stages. First there is the terrace garden, admirably figured in the pictures, with distinctive beds, taking, as will be seen, the form of the letter "S," for Sutherland, where a regular arrangement of vases and precise panelling are the features. Then we come to the Italian garden proper, where there is something of finer conception, and here we find clipped shrubs, trees in tubs, statuary, trim hedges, alcoves, and fountains. The statue of Perseus alluded to in the last article is at the lower end of the great garden, at the edge of the lake, and from this point, looking back over the gardens, there is a very fine view of the massive house.

The pleasure grounds cover about eighty acres, and adjoin the formal gardens, affording, indeed, a sudden contrast as we pass from one to the other, and awaking, perhaps, in some a pleasant feeling of repose. Here many improvements have been made in recent years. In particular, grassy glades have been opened out where before there was much crowding of bushes, and this work has been conducted with the right purpose of disclosing the beauty of individual shrubs, and doing away with tangled confusion of effect.

Turning to the right, we pass some very fine beech trees, exceedingly handsome in their spreading, leafy growth and bending branches, which sweep the ground, and have in some cases rooted. Pursuing our way further, we pass through very interesting woodland to reach the monument on the knoll at



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A BRONZE VASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tittensor, erected to the memory of the first Duke of Sutherland. Charming then, indeed, are the wooded stretches on the left. Here are groups of choice rhododendrons, which luxuriate in the soil, to delight beholders in the first summer days with their wealth of flowers and varied beauty. It may be observed that no shrub is more glorious when in full bloom than the rhododendron, which will quite fill a garden with colour. In this part of the grounds at Trentham the arrangement is all of the landscape character. The groups of bushes are arranged with natural aspect, the greensward here creeping up to them, and again falling back, and then there is an expanse of simple lawn, followed by other rhododendrons, so that we are pleased with equal charm and variety.

But rhododendrons are not a predominant feature. There are many very beautiful hollies, fine in their colour effect, such as the Golden Queen, Milkmaid, and Hodgkinsi. Then, again, we have glorious groups of hardy azaleas to diversify the scene. It may be permissible to observe that some of the hybrids of this class raised in recent years are very sumptuous in colour, and should not be neglected in our gardens. The hardy azalea



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GENERAL VIEW OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

shows, indeed, as many brilliant tints and refined shades of colour as any family of hardy shrubs. Its flowers have a spicy fragrance, and in late May or early June cover the bushes, which are of spreading tier-like growth. Trentham is rich, too, in Japanese maples, whose colour, varying between bright green and deep crimson, is very handsome. But we might go on noting variety after variety from among the great collection in the gardens and pleasure grounds, while the park is distinguished for splendid trees, singly and in groups, and there are very fine cedars of Lebanon near the house.

It is the good fortune of Trentham to be splendidly maintained, and to exhibit alike the highest skill of the gardening art and, in its park of 400 acres, the capable hand of the best woodcraft. The visitor to the place comes away with the thought that he has seen in every department, whether it be of flower, fruit, or ornamental tree, the best the country can produce. In the great conservatory he has found the choicest growths in wonderful perfection. Elsewhere he has set eyes on specimens of the Calville Blanche apple, in pots, brought from Paris at the time of the great Revolution, and yet producing bounteous harvests year by year of this old variety. In the orchid houses he has found a feast of interest and a dream of colour. He has noted on the roof of one house a great white lapageria, which has been known to produce in a single day as many as 3,000 of its waxy white, bell-shaped flowers. He has walked through acres of glass-houses, and has seen thousands of carnations, chrysanthemums, and other varieties innumerable. The roses have been a feast of delight. He leaves beautiful Trentham behind with the prayer that the smoke of the Potteries may never gather volume to blight its charm.



ACTIVITY is not the note of the publishing world at the moment, and the reason is not far to seek, since it is purely commercial. Firstly Society, intent on anticipating the joys of "the roses and the longest day," is on the wing Southward, and has taken its book-boxes with it. Now it is commonplace assumption of the ignorant that Society does not read or buy books; but the assumption has no justification in fact. Great ladies are certainly among the most voracious and intelligent consumers of literature to be found in the kingdom; in their drawing-rooms you will almost always find an abundant collection of the best books of the day, more often bought than hired from the circulating library; and the master of a great house takes proper pride in keeping his library up to date. The departure of Society, therefore, is a blow to the book-market. Further, for politicians and professional men, this is the least leisurely season of the year. Parliament is in full swing, innumerable men of business are on the brink of their arduous and anxious labour before committees, the courts and those who frequent them are in full work. Men have but little time for reading, and, worse than all, the newspapers have very little space to devote to books. After all the reviewers, good, bad, and indifferent, are pilots to the world of readers, and when the pilot's voice cannot be heard, by reason of the general clamour, the little vessels of literature are well-advised to remain safe in port. A book assured of success, for example, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes from my Diary, 1873-1881" (John Murray), may be launched with success, but the books of the unknown had better remain on the shelves for a while.

Such is the period which Mr. George Allen has chosen for bringing out "The Literary Year-Book," edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, concerning which I have to say sadly that the gift-horse has been looked in the mouth and that he is a thoroughly disappointing animal. It is disappointing in large things and in matters of detail alike. It is of course quite true that no one man can keep pace with English books as they are produced; to do so in 1897 would have involved the absorption of some nineteen books per diem. But, on the other hand, the man who sits himself down to write "Literature in 1897" ought not to attempt that task unless he has a direct and considerable acquaintance with his subject. That writer is presumptuous who, while he speaks in pessimistic terms of the literature of 1897 in Great Britain, and consoles himself by belittling that of France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Scandinavia, says, in cold blood, "I have not read Lord Roberts's book (I prefer to take my history of the Mutiny from Mrs. Steel), but from all accounts it depended for its attraction on qualities other than literary."

Perhaps the writer would have gained little if he had read the book, although to my mind Lord Roberts is master of a power of lucid expression which is among the most attractive of literary qualities. Lucidity is not the "Year-Book's" forte. "Mr. Watson has ceased to appeal to the Foreign Office in order to address the Unknown God with a misunderstanding of a new Logion." That is not clear. "Two women's voices have been heard that are distinctive." I suppose he means "distinguished." With the syntax of the writer of this article the *Academy* has dealt, ferû'e in hand, with just severity. There is, however, a clause in it with which I find myself in entire agreement. "Unsatisfactory as is this survey of English Literature in the Diamond Jubilee Year, one is a little consoled," etc. Yes; the survey is highly unsatisfactory, is indeed about as poor as it could be; but the literature is not so bad after all.

Then we have some "appreciations" of novelists, with portraits. First comes Miss Violet Hunt, to whom the reproduction does injustice, for she appears to be suffering from lopsided and swelled head, whereas in fact she is level-headed and free from vanity. The appreciator says that to call Miss

Hunt the English "Gyp" is to do her some injustice. I have my doubts on this point; but I am under the impression that the heroine of "Unkist, Unkind" is Sibella not Sebella, and certainly "A Hard Woman," not "The Hard Woman," is the title of Miss Hunt's best work. In like manner Mr. Morrison's book is "The Child of the Jago," not "Iago." Then as to Mr. Max Pemberton, "It should have been Christine and her trio of lovers that ought to have impressed us most." Mr. Wells is somewhat of a phenomenon among Englishmen of letters. This use of "phenomenon" is quite wrong. The word means a thing appearing, not anything out of the way. "As a consequence Z. Z.'s pictures are always well composed: they give one something of the pleasure of good geometrical drawing." Has the man any idea what geometrical drawing is? The result is about as artistic as the Pons Asinorum. Even in a list of pseudonyms the book goes wrong. "Rolf Boldrewood" we know, but who is "Rolle?"

Having regard to the rapidity with which books can be printed in these days, and to the very small quantity of reading matter which can be distributed over a page so as to make it seem full when it is empty and thin, it is no wonder that, immediately after the Zola trial, there should be a flood of Zolaesque books and booklets. Mr. John Lane is first in the field with a crimson volume entitled "Zola's Letters to France." Messrs. Geddes will follow with a history l'affaire Dreyfus, by a French writer. But if one desires to understand Zola and France and its Capital, the book, *par excellence*, to read is Zola's own "Paris" in the original French. There is a translation, good of its kind, by Mr. Vizetelly; but the life is not, and cannot be, in it as in the original. It was in my mind to have reviewed that book this week; and in truth it is of vast and gloomy and remorseless power. It is indeed a series of pictures of scenes in Parisian life, of moods in Parisian thought, of phases of French Society, painted with Dutch particularity of detail. Perhaps for that reason, however, it is not particularly suitable for treatment in an English newspaper.

Almost the only exciting piece of news with regard to English novelists is that Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is engaged upon a new work, with the story of Locrine and Gwendoline for subject. This conveyed to me at first sight a general notion of romance, but memory carried me no further than a tag from Comus:—

"Virgin daughter of Locrine
Sprung from Old Anchises' line."

So, with the laudable object of saving trouble to such of my readers as might be equally vague in their knowledge, I looked out Locrine and his alliances. In them certainly are the elements of romance. Locrine was son of Brute the Trojan and King of Britain. The Welsh, by the way, still call England Lloegr, after him. He married Guendolena, daughter of Corineus, one of Brute's suite. Of subsequent events the accounts, all of them hopelessly untrue most likely, vary a good deal. One version is that Brute divorced Guendolena, and married Estrildis, daughter of King Humber, who was drowned in the river that now bears his name, and that Guendolena raised an army, beat him, and drowned Estrildis and her daughter Sabrina in the Severn, which is called after her. Another story is that, without divorcing Guendolena, he kept Estrildis in an underground palace for seven years, and that on his death Guendolena drowned Estrildis and Sabrina together. Generally there is a good deal of river-myth about the stories; but whichever Mrs. Craigie chooses, there will be plenty of romantic motive.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton's new romance (which ran last year in the popular *Navy and Army Illustrated*), entitled "Across the Salt Seas," will be published on March 21st by Methuen and Co. in London, and simultaneously in America by Stone and Co., of Chicago. A large colonial edition will also appear at the same time.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Notes from my Diary." Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. (John Murray.)
- "Records of Old Times." J. Kersley Fowler ("Rusticus"). (Chatto.)
- "Songs of England." Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.)
- "A Sketch of the Natural History of the British Islands." F. G. Aflalo. (Blackwood.)
- "Sunlight and Shadow." Francis Gribble. (Innes.)
- "A Voyage of Consolation." Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Methuen.)
- "The Child that will Never Grow Old." Katz Douglas Key. (Lane.)
- "For the Religion." Hamilton Drummond. (Smith, Elder.)

LOOKER-ON.



CYCLING NOTES.

AN official announcement which has been issued by the Great Western Railway Company is very satisfactory reading. It is notorious that the cloak-room accommodation at the chief stations of the metropolis is altogether inadequate where cycles are concerned. Representations to the Railway Clearing House Committee have elicited the reply that they have no power to interfere, as it is a matter for each company to arrange for itself. The Great Western people, however, have initiated a reform which, it is greatly to be desired, will be emulated elsewhere. They state that a new cloak-room has been erected at Paddington Station to be used specially for the accommodation of cycles. It is fitted with an arrangement by means of which each bicycle stands independently, being kept in position by a small padded fork in which the head rests in such a manner that it cannot fall or rub against the bicycle stored next to it. The wheels run in a narrow groove upon the floor of the room. It is claimed that the new appliance will not only prevent the possibility of the parts of the machine being scratched by coming into contact with other bicycles, but will enable the cloak-room attendants to receive machines from, or deliver them to, the public with great celerity. A further interesting announcement is made that the same company have now several luggage vans fitted up with various appliances for the more convenient and safe conveyance of bicycles on railway journeys, and it is stated that the experiment has been attended with highly satisfactory results. It is the more pleasant to see these reforms emanating from the Great Western Company, because it is on this line that the greatest amount

of annoyance has been experienced in regard to the labelling of cycles. Long before the companies generally arrived at the decision to receive no machine not provided with a label, the Great Western officials were invariably inexorable on this point, although no special notice had been issued; and many a cyclist has missed his train because of the refusal of the guard to take in a machine, even from one station to the next, if it did not bear the company's label. I have been refused in this way even when there was not a porter in sight to obtain the label, and also when a porter had looked for one but found that the station did not possess one of the right kind!

Lord Moncreiff is scarcely to be congratulated upon his extraordinary article in the current issue of the *Badminton Magazine*. He declares himself no cyclist, and leads off with a lurid picture of the wheelman who "rushes through a crowded thoroughfare after dark at twenty miles an hour without a lamp, bell, or brake." Such a concatenation of circumstances is absolutely non-existent. Cycling in a crowded thoroughfare at twenty miles an hour is manifestly impossible, and as for the other details, it would be difficult to find any rider so superlatively foolish as to act in any such fashion. But if Lord Moncreiff astonishes us by his immoderation at the outset, what are we to say of his amazing suggestions for the punishment of the scorcher? "What would not be 'the delig't,' he asks, "of a sportsman well mounted and armed with a hunting crop or other suitable instrument of flagellation on being authorised by law to pursue and *slay* the scorcher?" Lord Moncreiff proposes that an "official course" be established, "two miles in length, circular for choice, with a path in the middle for the convict, and turf on either side for the horses of the official huntsmen. The gradients must be carefully adjusted so as to give fair play to both sides and ensure a close finish. The official huntsmen (two in number) will be taken in turn from a roster composed of skilful riders to hounds and polo players from crack regiments, the latter preferred. Their aim will be to overtake the convict, administer to him substantial corporal chastisement as he rides, to which his prone body will lend itself, and finally to upset him and his bicycle without causing more serious personal injury than they can help." It is added that "if they fail to catch him he gets off scot free."

Could anything more fantastic be imagined? Even the "scorcher" is not a felon, and the bloodthirsty aspirations of the author of this singular lucubration read more like those of a slave-owning planter than one of Her Majesty's judges. And what curiously inverted reasoning it is that Lord Moncreiff sets before us. "If they fail to catch him he gets off scot free." That is to say, the greater his speed capacities, and therefore the greater his offending in Lord Moncreiff's eyes, the more likely is he to escape, even by the very scheme his lordship proposes as

a drastic remedy. The tone and temper of the article is further shown by the suggestion that if the scorcher refuses to ride the official course, "the cat will laid on once a month, or twelve strokes with a birch-rod *once a week for a twelvemonth*, or some such suitable equivalent, will be substituted." We have thus the opinion of a Scottish judge, that to ride a bicycle at a higher rate of speed than it pleases him to regard as legitimate is a more heinous offence than the ultra-brutal cases for which alone the "cat" is ordered, and very rarely, by English judges. But, not content with this, Lord Moncreiff even suggests the "granting of roving licences" to persons whose duty it will be to prowl on horseback up and down the country and "chevy to death" the speedy wheelman. Such fatuous proposals go far to refute themselves, but they are none the less infinitely irritating.

From the annual report, just issued, of the Cyclists' Touring Club it appears that 310 danger boards were erected by that organisation last year, and ninety-eight of the new caution boards. In the previous year the number of danger boards erected was 207. There must be a very considerable array of these now in existence in various parts of the kingdom, and it would be interesting to know the sum total. The membership of the club stood at 44,491 at the close of the year, but it is clear that these figures will be exceeded this season, as the number of renewals and new candidates combined stands higher by 4,000 than at the same period of last year. As might be expected, the finances of the club are in a prosperous condition, and the balance in hand amounts to over £5,000. This, however, will meet with an immediate reduction of about one-half, as the club "Handbook," an invaluable manual, is henceforth to be presented to each member. Hitherto it has been sold at about cost price, but a universal distribution will make a big hole in the club exchequer.

The local cycle agent is not always an unintelligent person. One who hails from the South-West of Scotland is said to have almost solved a problem which has baffled many busy brains—viz., that of perpetual motion. He has fitted up on the top of the doorway leading up to his workshop an ordinary safety bicycle wheel (suspended in a horizontal fork), which runs on its own axle, fitted, of course, with the ordinary cycle cone and balls. The motive power for keeping the wheel spinning is the wind acting on three bird or hen-like wings, fixed at equal distances from each other in the spokes of the wheel. Since he put up this spinning wheel it has never ceased running day and night, as the slightest puff of wind keeps it going, and the stronger the wind blows the faster the wheel runs. Seen at a short distance off, the wheel has all the appearance of the well-known Cyclists' Touring Club badge, and attracts instant attention.

THE PILGRIM.



"22a, Curzon Street."

FOR all the biased ones may say, it is hard for the average critic to have to write "failure" across the programme of any play; for he knows that while it costs but little time and trouble to condemn, that which calls his condemnation forth, however poor a thing it may be, has cost so many people much care, anxiety, and money. Let disappointed authors say what they will, it gives most of us pleasure to record a success. Nevertheless, justice must be done though the heavens may fall, and justice compels one to declare "22a, Curzon Street" a most unsatisfactory affair.

The authors of the new piece at the Garrick Theatre—Messrs. Brandon Thomas and John Edwards—seem to have set out to devise a farce-drama. It is a very difficult feat to accomplish—even if the mixture is well blended the result is by no means certain, the effect is very likely to be bizarre and incongruous; and, should the mixture be faulty, the weakness will be far more apparent than if the scheme of the work were cast in more orthodox mould. You see, if the characters act in some things in the inconsequent manner necessary to the boisterous humour of farce, it is impossible that they should carry conviction when they are engaged in the more reasonable phases of the action of the play. If some portion of the piece that is serious and not too improbable, and therefore dramatic, has its foundation resting on the sand of the ludicrous and farcical, it is not possible for that serious portion to convince and carry the necessary amount of reality.

That is the pitfall into which our authors have fallen on this occasion. Their plot consists of two parts—one serious, one wildly comical; but each part depends, acts, and reacts on the other. In the first and last scenes there are glimpses, more than glimpses, of nature, sentiment, reality. The second act contains nothing but uproarious farce. If any measure of success is in store for "22a, Curzon Street," it will be gained by this boisterous second act, which, by its high colouring, its animal spirits, and its undue length, almost totally eclipses the more

solid qualities of that which precedes and follows. This second act has a capital idea, overburdened by length and the sameness of its present form. Colonel Sir Patrick Neville is very much in love with the vivacious Mrs. Featherstone, widow. He is a guest at her country house; he proposes, and is half accepted by her. As a pleasant surprise for his intended wife, he buys a mansion in Mayfair, keeping the matter entirely secret from her. But the people who have sold the house to him are swindlers; a caretaker and her ticket-of-leave husband have forged the documents relating to it, have had the name of the real owner erased from the directory, have substituted an alias of their own, and have palmed it off on Sir Patrick without his or anyone's suspicions having been aroused.

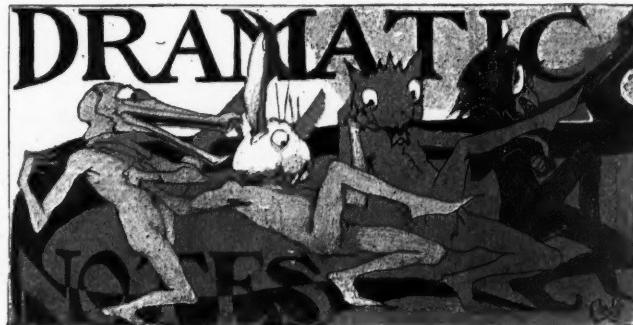
This strain on our credulity, great as it is, might have been pardoned, though the authors have forfeited their right to this clemency by treating these almost impossible incidents seriously and dramatically instead of farcically. But what are we to think when we are asked, still in the spirit of drama and comedy, to believe that the house he has purchased is the property of Mrs. Featherstone herself, whose town residence it is, that the woman who has sold it, with the help of her husband, is her own servant? After such a camel as this, it is hardly necessary to strain at the gnat-like coincidence that in disposing of the property to the Colonel the precious couple had no idea that he was a friend of Mrs. Featherstone's, or even knew her. No farce so far, mind you, but drama so serious that we have the convict robbing the lady of her jewels in broad daylight while he holds an imitation pistol to her head.

Now comes the farce, too late; we have got into the wrong humour, we do not know where we stand. Sir Patrick comes to town, takes possession of the house, fills it with plumbers and painters, pulls down the pictures, and turns everything topsy-turvy. Then Mrs. Featherstone arrives on the scene. She is astonished at finding the Colonel there, more astonished to find that he is transforming her property without asking her leave. He, too, is surprised to see that she evidently looks upon the place as her own already, and that her daughter and her friends

accompany her and evidently intend to stop. No word of explanation is given, accidentally or purposely, by either—else the play would come to an untimely end. This avoidance of explanation, chance or otherwise, is of course impossible, but as we are now for the first time neck and shoulders in farce, this does not matter. Each makes excuse for the extraordinary conduct of the other, and so the rough but whimsical fun goes on. The scene is a development of the famous furniture-removal episode in "Our Flat," but that does not matter at all. How the Colonel and his son are at length suspected of being a couple of thieves, of being responsible for the robbery of the jewels, and other pleasant little things of the kind, it is not necessary to divulge. In the last act, where we have five minutes of real and human pathos, everything is straightened out, and the end is happiness for all concerned.

The piece is exceedingly well played by a more than usually brilliant company. Miss Fanny Brough, as the caretaker, acted with that wonderful spirit of hers all through; her humour was unforced and spontaneous, as it always is, and she revelled in the moments of pathos in which she is permitted to indulge—just before the curtain finally fell Miss Brough treated us to an inspired effort; her pleading for pardon for her husband was so moving and so naturally affecting that it momentarily overcame the bewilderment and impatience of the audience, and gained for the actress that sudden burst of applause that only comes when the player has struck right home. Miss Lottie Venne, as the widow, sparkled through the evening in her own inimitable fashion, giving to every line a pungency and a pith more her own than the authors'. Miss Grace Dudley, till now only known to us as a burlesque actress, was a pretty and sympathetic *jeune première*, playing with charm and graceful freshness. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Sparling, and the players of minor parts gave artistic and conscientious assistance.

B. L.



WHENEVER Sir Henry Irving is in doubt he always has trumps to play in the revivals of the great successes of former days, and crowds have once more flocked to see him as Shylock, to which he has given an entirely new reading—a more Shakespearian reading than ever before—and as Mathias in "The Beils." Of Miss Ellen Terry's never-to-be-forgotten Portia there is no need to add anything at this time of day. Sir Henry has also reproduced "Waterloo" and "Madame Sans-Gêne," the latter of which is hardly worth the traditions of the theatre.

So extraordinary has been the success of "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's Theatre, that Mr. Tree has already fixed his eyes longingly on "King John," which will probably be produced early next year. If Mr. Tree, wise in his generation, does not allow his eyes to be blinded by the dazzling splendour of the box-office receipts, and will recognise the fact that the public does not want too much Shakespeare, but just Shakespeare enough, there is no reason why his triumphs should not continue. There never was so prosperous and popular a Shakespearian revival in the memory of the oldest playgoer, and the oldest playgoer's memory is prodigious. After the lapse of a year we shall appreciate our Shakespeare all the more, and Mr. Tree will have another splendid success, for appetite grows by what it feeds on, if it does not have to feed all on one course.

That the new management of Drury Lane Theatre should have been able to declare an interim dividend of ten per cent. on the first year's working is a surprising fact in connection with theatrical affairs, and must have given a nasty shock to those wiseacres who, for some reason or other—mostly other—prophesied all kinds of disaster to Mr. Arthur Collins' enterprise. This good and well-deserved fortune is the pleasanter to record because it has had an effect entirely different from the usual effect on gentlemen engaged in this business: it has left Mr. Collins entirely unspoiled. He wears the same sized hats, he shakes hands with the same people, he has not made any extensive purchases of diamonds, and he gives his assistants credit for a share of his success. A memorial should be erected during his lifetime to emphasise so remarkable a fact.

The production of "The Sea Flower" at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday evening—it will be reviewed in our next issue—makes *apropos* a little glimpse behind the scenes of theatrical and journalistic affairs. Mr. Charles Hawtrey, in connection with this play, had a little game at the expense of the newspapers. He divided them into opposite camps; the rival banners of "One Summer's Day" and "The Sea Flower" floated on various points of vantage in Fleet Street, with material benefit to the Comedy Theatre. The real reason of the statements and counter statements as to the withdrawal of Mr. Esmond's play in favour of Mr. Law's lay in the fact that Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who is financially interested in the Comedy, had an unthankful part in the former, while in "The Sea Flower" his character is much more sympathetic. Hence when it appeared that the former work had exhausted its popularity, Mr. Hawtrey, though undoubtedly master in his own house—quite a Cæsar beyond whom there is no appeal—was yet not unwilling to oblige his partner by temporarily

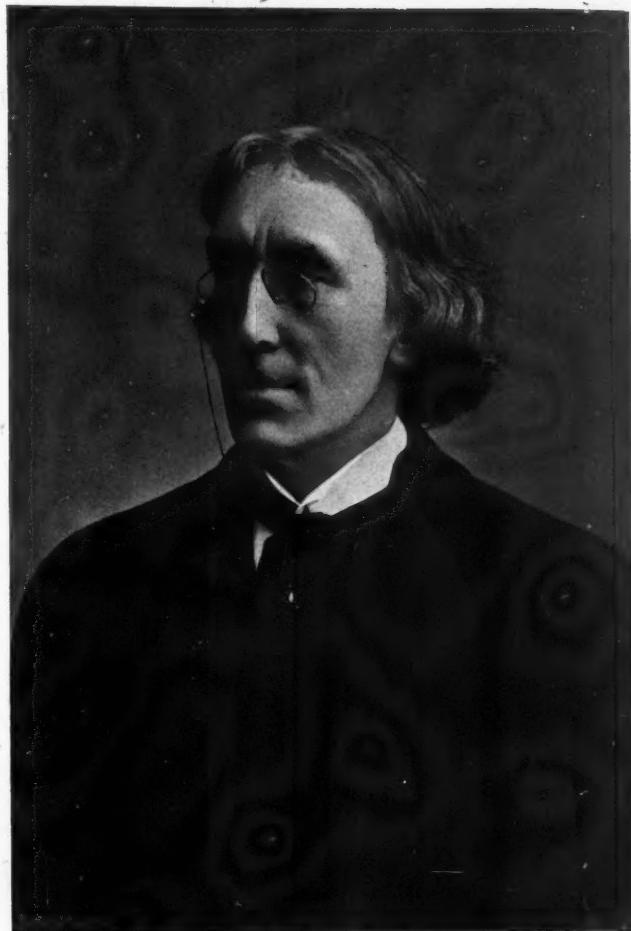


Photo. by Walery. SIR HENRY IRVING.

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ceasing to act, and putting up a piece in which Mr. Stuart might shine in a more favourable light.

Consequently it went forth that these events were to come to pass—and then a strange thing happened, and a pleasant thing withal. Mr. Esmond's delightful idyll showed itself the possessor of such recuperative power that Mr. Hawtrey found himself in a quandary, and once more the wicked paragraphists were brought to bear upon the situation, and were informed that there was no truth in the previous unauthorised announcements telling of the approaching demise of "One Summer's Day," though the powers that be did not think it necessary to say that it was they who had altered their plans, not the journalists who had made a mistake. But Mr. Stuart swore by all that he held dear that "The Sea Flower" should not droop in obscurity, so a compromise was arrived at, and it was agreed between the high contracting parties that, should Mr. Esmond's piece continue to attract, the other play should be done at the Avenue, of which theatre Mr. Hawtrey is also the licensee. But the Comedy was finally chosen. And this is the veritable history of a most momentous episode.

The astonishingly modest way in which the American management, shortly to provide us with amusement at the Shaftesbury Theatre, have made their entry into London, goes further than anything else to persuade us that they really have something good to show. Whether the ladies of the New York Casino company are more alluringly beautiful than those syrens of the Gaiety who have held our hearts so long, only their advent can discover to an expectant world of golden youth; whether the Casino entertainments are brighter and better than our own burlesque and extravaganza remains to be seen. But Messrs. LeClerc and McLellan, by their unassuming method of setting about the capture of London, have predisposed us in their favour, and their task will not be nearly so uphill as it would have been had the Yankee Press agent been let loose among us with a very much spread eagle on his back.

LONDON HACKNEY SHOW.

THAT the London Hackney Show has so increased in its dimensions as to become almost out of hand is palpable to those who have followed its progress since it was instituted in 1885 and who were present last week when the fourteenth show was held. The entries were the largest that have yet been obtained, if the riding and driving classes, introduced as an experiment last year, be left out, the entries numbering 480, against 425 last year, and 442 in 1896. But it is open to question whether the show still retains the hold which it did upon the public. There was a good attendance on Tuesday and Wednesday, but on the remaining days there was a manifest falling off. Nor was this difficult to account for; the judging, "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along," in such a manner that the keenest enthusiasts became *ennuye* and disgusted. The tenth class was finished in the dark at a little after six o'clock, more than half an hour after the time advertised for the show to close, on Wednesday evening, and when Thursday's show came to a close a fraction under four minutes per horse was the time spent by the judges in the execution of their duty. The judging, which practically ought to have been brought to a conclusion in two days, lasted till 12.30 p.m. on the fourth day, this being quite sufficient to account for the falling off in the attendance. Visitors who have no special interest in a class do not care to spend a whole day in seeing four or five classes judged, and more than one man complained to me that he had seen nothing of the show after spending some hours there.

Nor can it be said, in extenuation of the delay, that the judging was satisfactory. Even in the preliminary examination of the classes there was considerable room for improvement, but when the final list was drawn in many cases it was of a most uneven character, the horses selected being of sorts. It is generally the case that, when men spend a great deal of time in going from one horse to the other, and in moving the exhibits up and down in the ranks, they get a little mixed, and this certainly seemed to be the case at the recent Hackney Show, which was one of the dreariest functions it has ever been my lot to attend at the Agricultural Hall. It had, however, one redeeming feature, and that was the way in which Mr. H. F. Euren, the secretary, afforded every assistance in his power to the Press.

With the quality of the exhibits there was little fault to find, save in one particular, and that was that stallions showed a great want of masculine character. This is a growing evil, and the tendency to give prizes to "pretty" horses, in other words, to give prizes in stallion classes to horses of the gelding type, is to blame for it. The two year old class found a fine colt to the fore in Mr. Usher's Lord Dredton, a nice mover, but showing a lack of masculine character, in which respect Mr. Atkinson's Acid Drop was much his superior. He has more weight and substance than the winner, and is by no means deficient in quality, though he is perhaps scarcely so fine a goer. Mr. Hall's Langton Victor was lucky to win in the class for three year olds not exceeding 15h. 2in., Sir Walter Gilbey's Gay Connaught, who is built on hackney lines, having much more reach than his opponent. In the class for three year olds over 15h. 2in., the much-improved Edemynag won, this being his third consecutive victory at the Agricultural Hall, and he subsequently took the special prize for the best horse in these classes. In the other classes well-known horses were to the fore, Sir Gilbert Greenall's Sir Horace winning in the class for four year olds and upwards not exceeding 14h.; Winnal Fireaway, who, by the way, had no business to beat Polonium in the class for horses from 14h. to 15h.; Royal Danegelet, who won in the class for horses over 15h. and not exceeding 15h. 2in.; and Rosador, who won in the class for horses over 15h. 2in. As was the case last year, the special prize for the best horse in these classes, as well as the challenge cup, was between Sir Walter Gilbey's Royal Danegelet and Mr. Buttle's Rosador. It was a very fine point between them, and last year's decision was reversed, the cup going to Royal Danegelet. Both horses are open to improvement, but perhaps Rosador is more of the hackney type. He, however, leaves much to desire in his walk, though he made a grand show in his trot, and he goes at a great pace.

The mares, as I have already hinted, were better as a whole than the stallions. Mr. Robinson's Enid, a very useful stamp who made a good show, was the winning yearling, and in the two year old class Mr. F. W. Buttle won with Grand Mistress, a beautifully-modelled filly, with grand all-round action, which he purchased at Lord Londesborough's last sale. In the three year old class Mr. Galbraith's Vivandière, who won as a two year old last year, and who made a good show, was to the fore, and she won the special cup, reserve to her being Mr. A. Gordon's Gold Flash, who had been second to Vivandière in her class.

The Badminton Presentation.



Elliott and Fry, DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G. Baker Street.

IF, on the one hand, it was a graceful act on the part of the members of the Badminton Hunt to present to the veteran Duke of Beaufort his portrait painted by Mr. Ellis Roberts, it must certainly be protested that no nobleman or sportsman

has ever deserved better of sport than the Duke of Beaufort. On the Turf, in the hunting-field, wherever sport was to be had, His Grace has always been to the fore, and often has he been seen to leave Paddington by the newspaper train ready to hunt all day, and, if necessary, to return to London the same night. It would have been strange indeed if the company assembled when Colonel George Sotheron Estcourt presented the portrait had not been of the most distinguished character, for if ever there lived a "good old English gentleman," the Duke of Beaufort is one. Sportsman to the finger tips, possessed of courteous grace of manner without a touch of the condescension of the parvenu peer, considerate for others, a patron of letters, an editor of an invaluable series of volumes, active and painstaking in county business, prompt and polite in his correspondence, the Duke of Beaufort is beloved by all who know him. We present a characteristic portrait of him with much satisfaction.

Studs and Stables in Ireland.—I.

THAT there is no finer training ground or healthier spot for man or horse in all the United Kingdom than The Curragh, in County Kildare, Ireland, will be readily admitted by everyone who has ever paid it a visit. There, too, have been bred and trained many of the best horses that ever trod the turf either between the flags or on the flat; and as there are still a large number of thorough-breds foaled annually within a stone's throw of its health-giving heath, and long strings of race-horses doing their daily work on its historic gallops, it is impossible for any lover of these to go there without seeing many things to interest him.

A short drive from Newbridge Station across The Curragh, where new barracks are being built on an extended scale for the Cavalry Brigade which is to be kept there in the future, past Brownstown House, the residence of that celebrated horseman Mr. "Tommy" Blasley, and where Captain Greer's successful sire Gallinule now holds court, and in a few minutes more you shall arrive at Ballyfair House, where Mr. P. Gilpin looks after a select little stable which more than held its own last year, and which at the present moment shelters the best three year old in Ireland. There you will be sure of a typical Irish welcome, after doing justice to which you will probably be at once taken to see the horses.

The first of these to whom you will be introduced is the unbeaten Sirenia, the best filly of her age in Ireland. This is a wiry, short legged, useful-looking mare, with great big quarters, and a remarkably sensible head. Not a big one it is true, but all use and full of quality. She is by Gallinule out of Concussion, by Reverberation, her dam Astwith, by Wenlock, and she won the only four races she started for last year. The four year old Waterhen, also by Gallinule, is another charming filly, one year older than her stable companion Sirenia, and she, too, has proved herself a bit more than useful, having also won four times last season. She is a nice bloodlike filly, remarkably good to follow, and her dam is Gipsy Queen, by Kingcraft out of Paradise, by Ascetic.

A fine strong mare is the four year old Mill Queen, by Atheling out of Cairo, by Herbertstown, her dam Lizz, by Windhound, and she showed some smart form when she beat Mill Girl, Gulsalberk, Electric Ray, and six others in the Baldylo Plate of a mile last August. This mare jumps well, and may be heard of over hurdles and fences some day. Medine is a clean, clever-shaped filly, by Torpedo, son of Gunboat, out of Cairo, and, therefore, half-sister to Mill Queen. She is a rare good goer, and she won the Londonderry Plate at Leopardstown in August last.

A very well-bred mare is Mr. Gilpin's Village Green, by Town Moor, by Doncaster, out of a mare by Tom Bowline, and her two year old chestnut colt by Mr. Pallin's well-bred young sire Wiseman is full of good looks and Birdcatcher blood. Green of my Eye he has been named, and if bone and power, added to length and racing-like shape, are to be depended on, he ought to make a race-horse. Another youngster of the same age is Martial Music, brother to Cri de Guerre, by McMahon out of Wild Notes, by Wild Oats, her dam Harmony, by Caractacus. This is a truly-made bay colt that looks all over like racing, though personally I should have doubts about the gameness of anything descended from Wild Oats and Caractacus.

Among the four year olds the wiry, wide-hipped, old-fashioned chestnut filly Flashaway showed herself a good stayer on the flat last year, and looks like making a rare jumper some day, as does the big powerful Fiddler's Green, by Primrose League out of Village Green, who is also a fine jumper.

Clever-looking three year olds are Grotesque, a bay colt, by Carlton out of Burlesque, a quick, active-looking sort; Excitement, a strong, deep-bodied bay filly with rare good limbs, and a hard wear-and-tear look about her, by Enthusiast out of Wild Honey; and the brown filly Top Note, also by Enthusiast, and out of Cadenza, by Costa.

There are several promising two year olds, including a sweet brown filly by Gallinule out of a half-sister to Galtee More; Siris, a half-sister to Sirenia, by Sweetheart, a remarkably clean, racing-like brown filly, full of quality; a useful-looking chestnut filly, Loo's Pride, by Enthusiast out of Loo, by Arbitrator, who comes of a rare racing family and can gallop; a level, true-made chestnut colt, by Primrose League out of Skaite, bought at poor Harry Linde's sale; and a very racing-like brown colt, by Atheling out of a mare by Lord Gough, her dam Danseuse, by Solon. This is a compact, medium-sized colt, with great galloping quarters, and hard, wiry legs, quite a short legged active sort, and a beautiful light mover. He looks all over like racing. Mr. Gilpin is shortly moving over to England, like so many other Irish owners, and as he is a rare good judge both of horseflesh and how to place it, the good-looking lot of colts and fillies of which I have given the above somewhat hurried description will, no doubt, be heard of during the season of 1898.

OUTPOST.

A Loss to the Turf.

ON Saturday last Mr. Edmund Tattersall succumbed at last to that illness which seized him at Newmarket in October, 1896. He had attained to a ripe old age, for he was no less than 82 years old, but he was none the less a man whom the world of sport, in the best sense of the words, could ill spare, and a worthy representative of a family of the

highest character. Richard Tattersall, the founder of the great business at the "Corner," came of a Lancashire family of squires who traced back to the fourteenth century. Ruined in '45 he fled to London, and soon obtained the confidence of the leading sportsmen of his day. High patronage secured an appointment for him; and out of his savings and his knowledge of horseflesh combined he established himself at Hyde Park Corner. From that day to this "Tattersall's" has been the centre of all that was honourable and straightforward in matters connected with the Turf and the sale of horses. It was in Mr. Edmund Tattersall's time, in 1865, that it became necessary to move from the old Salamis to the new one at Albert Gate, where the traditions of the family have been kept up in true fashion.

Bitterly as men will quarrel over transactions in horses, no word of reproach has ever been uttered against Tattersall's, and the esteem in which the late head of the firm was held is demonstrated by the character of the guests who have attended his Derby Dinner at Coleherne Court; among them have been the Duke of Portland, Lord Coventry, Lord Cork, the late Lord Portsmouth, Lord Norhampton, Lord Ravensworth, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Richard Combe, and others. The aristocracy of the Turf, men the soul alike of honour and of sport, were his friends. Personally he was a keen sportsman, a follower of hounds until quite recent days, an owner of race-horses, exceedingly hospitable, and generous to a fault. The number of famous horses that have passed under his hands is legion, and the number of men who will miss him and deplore his loss is infinitely greater.



T. Fall, MR. EDMUND TATTERSALL. Baker Street.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

GRANTED that the "home district" was the place for holding their meeting, the soldiers could have made no better choice than Sandown Park, and this was apparent on Friday and Saturday last, when everything connected with the meeting was as perfectly arranged as Colonel Toogood and the Sandown Park authorities could make it. This is the same as saying that everything went off as well as anyone could wish, even the weather, which may be beyond the power even of Sir Wilford Brett to control, being content to favour the proceedings. Somewhat cold it may have been, but bright and sunny all the same, and the comfort of all things pertaining to our modern style of race-course—of which Sandown Park was the pioneer—never fails to remind me of the days when we used to dress in damp, dripping tents, eat a watery lunch or the top of a coach, and hunt for our horses in a paddock knee deep with mud.

The soldier meetings have been on the down line for some years past no one can deny, and so it was all the more satisfactory to see signs of a return to the old form on Friday and Saturday last. The principal event of the first

day, the Grand Military Gold Cup, was certainly an improvement on anything we have seen for a long time past. True the field, with the exception of March Hare, County Council, and old Midshipmite, was not a high-class one, but they were all fairly good soldiers' horses, the race was run at good pace, and the riding was distinctly above the average of recent years.

I was told by a friend intimately connected with March Hare just before last year's Grand National, that it was thought he had a fairly good chance for that event. He went wrong, however, and did not run, nor had he ever faced the starter since until Friday last. Remembering what I had been told, and knowing what a nice horse he is, I could not help fancying him, although he had the useful County Council to beat. I changed my mind, however, when I saw the two in the paddock before the race. Mr. Stanley's horse was evidently short of a few gallops, whereas Major Fenwick's was as fit as hands could make him. From first to last the race was a match between these two. I have no doubt Captain Ricardo rode to orders, but I could not help thinking that a great deal too much use was being made of March Hare, especially considering his condition. He made the whole of the running, jumping in his usual brilliant fashion, and at one time was a long way in front. Major Hughes Onslow, however, was only biding his time, and when he closed with the leader round the last turn it was all over, and County Council, drawing right away from his rapidly-tiring rival, won by fifteen lengths. I do not think it was a fair test of merit between these two. March Hare was nothing like fit, and the only wonder to me was that he got as far as he did, ridden as he was. Sir Charles Nugent is certainly to be congratulated on the state in which he sent the winner to the post, and also on the fact that he jumped as well as he did, as I happen to know that he was a very bad fencer when he went to Cranborne. I do not suppose he will ever jump like March Hare, all the same. The result was another triumph for the best of all jumping blood, namely, that of Birdcatcher, the winner being by Isonomy, and the second a son of Babilo.

The first event of the afternoon, a Maiden Steeplechase, was won by Nantucket, and was chiefly noticeable for the style in which he was ridden by Mr. Champion de Crespigny, of the 2nd Life Guards. It is seldom that one sees a younger shape so well. That he sits nicely, and rides well over his fences, is not surprising considering that he is a son of that good horseman and undefeated sportsman, Sir Claude; but in addition to these important qualifications, he possesses the equally necessary one of "hands," and he evidently knows how to keep them down. With practice and experience he will make a very fine cross-country horseman indeed.

Free Fight was a good thing for the Selling Steeplechase, and although he came on his head and knees at the pay-gate fence, he won easily enough, and was afterwards sold to Sir Simon Lockhart for 155 guineas.

A very interesting race was that between Morello (12st. 3lb.), Chair of Kildare (12st. 8lb.), Cestus (11st. 11lb.), for the Two-mile Open Steeplechase. The second named made all the running as usual, until he came back to his field between the last two fences, from which point Morello drew away and ran home fifteen lengths in front. This race shows that the two first must be real smashers over this distance.

Mr. "Reggy" Ward, who was in great form, rode his third winner during the afternoon by taking the Past and Present Steeplechase on The Tramp, a business-like American-bred gelding by St. Honorat out of Auntie, and he must have had a lot in hand to be able to draw it as fine as he did at the finish.

If the racing on the second day was not quite so interesting as that on the first, the weather was even more favourable, and the attendance quite as good. The Tramp, who had created such a good impression by his Friday's victory, was seen out again in the first event, the United Service Steeplechase. He was naturally made favourite, and he won easily in the hands of his owner from Gaffer Green, Dalkeith, Prattle, and six others. He is a big, powerful, deep-bodied customer, that may well be a bit better than people think.

That champion hurdler, Knight of Rhodes, was naturally made favourite for the Open Hurdle Race, although he was set to give 18lb. to Killyleagh and 7lb. to Bayreuth. I had not much doubt about his ability to do the latter, although I doubted his being able to concede so much weight to the useful Irish son of Kendal. After seeing him in the paddock, however, I was quite certain that he would not beat either, and in the race, although he ran well under his big weight, Killyleagh had him beaten a long way from home, and won at his leisure from Bayreuth, with Xylophone, who had made most of the running, third, and the favourite fourth.

The Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase did look a good thing, if anything ever did, for Cathal, and yet he was beaten with the greatest ease by his stable companion Melton Constable. I have seen the last named tried at home and run in public times without number, and if anyone had told me before the race that he would beat Cathal at 25lb. I should have ridiculed the idea. I am afraid Cathal has turned rogue, and I would not take 1,000 to 1 about him for the "Liverpool."

The feature of this successful meeting has been the form shown by Mr. "Reggy" Ward, and the old gold jacket was once more to the front when Romeo beat Fetteresso and Boy Chieftain, "all ends up," in the Selling Steeplechase. This was followed by an Open Selling Hurdle Race won by Battlement, whom I remember as a very nice young horse when I last saw him in Mr. Peter Gilpin's stable in Ireland last year.

MR. R. A. BRICE'S STUD.

WITHAM is an old-fashioned agricultural town in Essex, and probably few people associate it with the breeding of race-horses. Nevertheless, within two miles of that comfortable hostelry, the White Hart, there is a stud which has turned out many good winners in the past, and from all that I saw of it when I was there one day recently, will, I think, be the birthplace of many more in the future. It is of no use trying to breed race-horses unless you buy the best bred mares and send them to the best horses, and when I say that Mr. Brice's mares include two by Doncaster, five by Hampton, two Mintings, a Surefoot, a Petronel, and a Rosicrucian, not to mention others by Galliard, St. Simon, Brag, Sheen, Goldfinch, and Martagon, and that he has used such sires as Childwick, Bend Or, Royal Hampton, Saraband, and Ravensbury, it will be seen that he believes in breeding only from the best of blood.

Another feature of this stud is the large number of foals produced there—there are nineteen foaling mares at present out of twenty-three—and this I attribute to the fact that the barren and maiden mares are allowed to lie out all the winter. By having a number of feeding-troughs in different parts of the paddocks, the mares all get their fair share of oats and

other food, and I am sure that they are not only all the healthier for being treated in this way, but that they also produce a far larger average of foals.

Mr. Brice is evidently a believer in Childwick, as well he may be, seeing that sire is by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, by Wellingtonia. He is very strongly inbred to the No. 3 family, through Galopin, King Tom, Wellingtonia, and Chattanooga, whilst his two close strains of Pocahontas in Wellingtonia, combined with the one coming through King Tom, are sufficient guarantee of sire merit. To this very promising young horse, who, it must not be forgotten, was a good race-horse, and won the Cesarewitch, Mr. Brice has no less than eight mares in foal.

The first of these is that beautiful young Hampton mare, Hamiltrude, a big, roomy, short legged bay, full of quality, with tremendous quarters and a regular Hampton head. Her dam is Fortuna (dam of Dunlop), by Scottish Chief out of Chance, by Thunderbolt, so it is easy to see what a well-bred youngster her foal by Childwick will be. Yorkshire Lady is a wide, lengthy, chestnut mare, by Doncaster out of Misa, and a regular Stockwell sort; she too, is in foal to Childwick. So is Miss Langden, a very useful-looking mare by Silver Crown out of Lady Langden, dam of Hampton and Sir Bevys; Fanny Ralph, by Minting out of Elen, by Struan, who had foaled the day before I was there; also the big-lioned chestnut Spinster, by Lowlander out of Query, by Blinkhoolie out of Adrastia, by St. Albans; the well-bred Feast, by Hampton out of Rustic Agnes, by Plebeian out of Agnes Bentinck; Lady Raleigh, a charming mare of the big little type, on the shortest of legs, by Hampton out of St. Cypria, by St. Gatien, and going back to Feronia; and Iso Hampton, by Hampton out of Isabelle, by Isonomy, who has since been sent to France.

It will be seen that out of these eight mares in foal to Childwick—and all of whom ought, from their breeding, to suit him—half are by Hampton, and I next asked to be shown the other mare by that sire. This is Belle of Hampton, a long low mare, with great big quarters, and a regular Hampton all over. Her dam is Mabella, by D'Estournel out of Mirabel, by Macaroni, and she is unfortunately barren this season. She had a good foal by Fitz Simon last year.

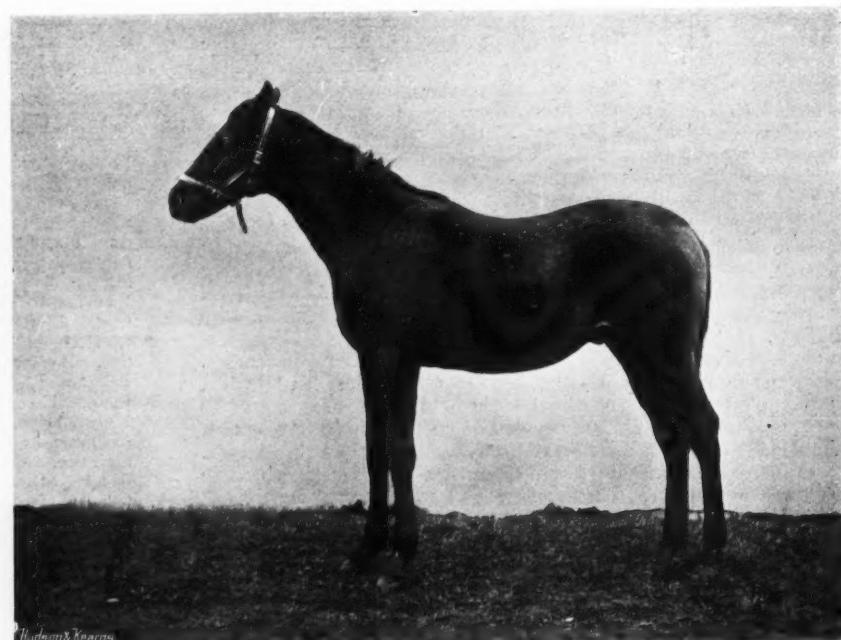
A very nice little mare of the long low type is Lowland Belle (the dam of Little Bob), by Lowland Chief out of Belinda, by Hampton, and in foal to that very promising son of Isonomy, Ravensbury. By the same sire, and out of Clarissa, by Hampton, is the bloodlike Lippa, in foal to Petronel. This ought to make a rare cross. Cherry Pie is a big, lengthy, short legged mare, by Minting out of Heliotrope, by Rosicrucian, and she will have a foal by Tarporley; and then I was shown two mares which I liked almost as well as any. These were Queen of the Adriatic, by Doncaster out of Armgard, and Tenderfoot, by Surefoot out of Lowland Belle. The first of these is a compact, clean-made mare, in foal to Royal Hampton, and the last-named a square-built, deep-bodied sort, in foal to Baliol.

A really beautiful mare is the great, fine, reaching St. Elizabeth, by St. Simon, her dam Esa, by Uncas, son of Stockwell, out of Fleada, by Hermit. This mare is worth a lot of money if only for her looks and breeding, besides which she is the dam of a very good yearling indeed by Royal Hampton, and a beautiful two year old by Hampton. Unfortunately she has got no foal this year. Neither have the shapely Galliardia, by Galliard, her dam Bryonia, by Speculum; Silver Face, a big, fine, well-made chestnut mare, by Silver Crown from Lady Langden; or that good-looking young mare Semitone, by Lowland Chief from Mentone.

One of the grandest mares in the whole stud is unquestionably Carolside, a deep, lengthy, short legged four year old, daughter of Goldfinch and Camelot, by Cremorne out of Lynette, by Lord Lyon. She is a big, well-grown mare, with bone, beautiful shoulders, and rare short all over, whilst both from her shape and breeding—Stockwell and Macaroni—she can hardly fail to make a great brood mare.

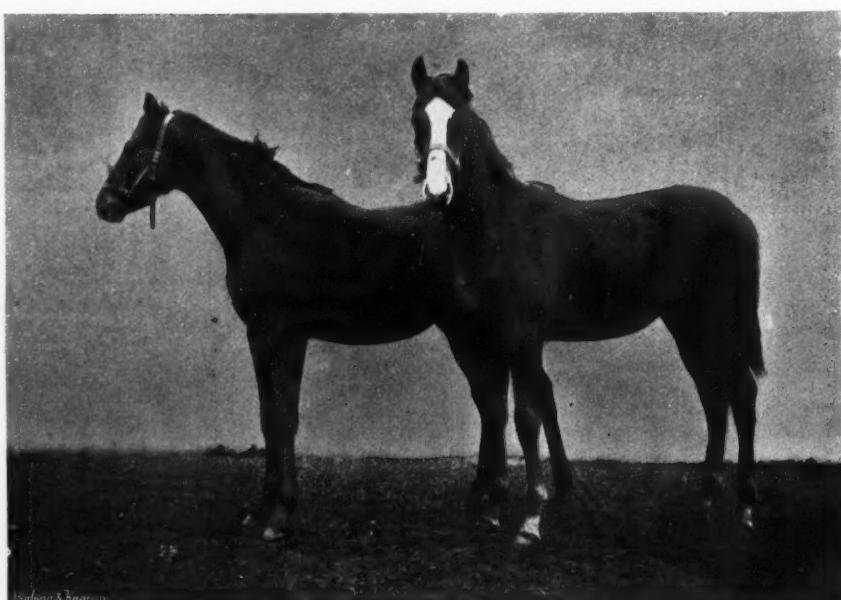
Among other maiden mares I was shown a powerful bloodlike mare by Pioneer from Pasquinetta, by Albert Victor out of a Blinkhoolie mare; the neat little three year old Xmas Tree by Sheen, her dam Charity, by Robert the Devil, who only wants time to make a real nice mare; Scalpa, a big galloping big-boned sort, by Senanus out of Legacy; Radical Party, a growing three year old, by Brag from Quanday, by Sir Bevys out of a Rosicrucian mare; and Mariposa, a big, wide, lengthy four year old, by Martagon out of Lady Gower, and a very promising brood mare indeed.

After a good look at all these mares, of which I was especially taken with Hamiltrude, Lady Raleigh, Queen of the Adriatic, St. Elizabeth, Carolside, and Mariposa, I was next driven off to the paddock close to the White Hart to see the yearlings. Unfortunately for Mr. Brice, he has recently lost his best, a grand filly by Simonian, but the ten that remain are unmistakably a really good lot. There are five colts and five fillies, and of the former I liked



YEARLING C. BY ROYAL HAMPTON.

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Y. COLTS BY CARNAGE & R. HAMPTON.

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HAMILTRUDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

best the medium-sized, true-made chestnut by Carnage out of Queen of the Adriatic. A very level, compact colt is this, and sure to race. A very good colt, too, is the chestnut by Royal Hampton from St. Elizabeth, with size and power, and strongly inbred to Stockwell, Rata-plan, and King Tom. The other colts are a very nice Saraband out of Galliardia, a true-made youngster by Raeburn from Iso Hampton, and a sturdy son of Petronel and Semitone.

Among the fillies no one could help liking the brown by Simonian out of Hamiltrue, a very pretty racing-like young lady, quite of the St. Simon type, but bigger than his fillies usually are. The big raking bay daughter of Carnage and Lippa, too, looks all like galloping. Then there is a nice filly, and a rare bred one, by Galopin out of Miss Lill, by Enterprise, and no one could find much fault with the chestnut by Shamrock II. out of Yule Song, by Esterling, or the neat, compact, Hampton-like bay daughter of Royal Hampton and Yorkshire Lady.

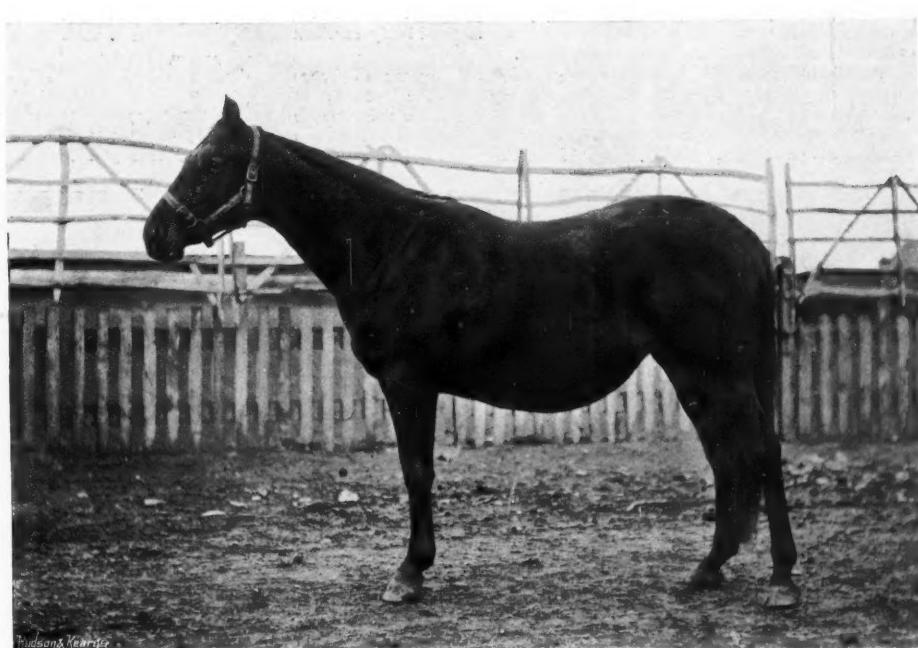
These are ten really good, well-grown yearlings, with not a bad one among them, and as I watched them galloping round their paddock I thought I had seldom seen a better lot of movers, so that if they do not most of them win races I shall be surprised.

OUTPOST.

The Shooting Season.

THE shooting season which closed a few weeks since offers certain features of interest which bear directly on the preservation of game. During the spring and early summer grouse disease made its appearance on either side of the Border; but the severity of the outbreak was confined to the lowland counties of Scotland, and heavy bags were made in Yorkshire and on many Highland moors. Of recent years disease has never been entirely absent from the moors. On the Duke of Portland's extensive shootings in Caithness-shire disease, in one form or another, has existed for ten or a dozen years past, yet a fair show of birds is maintained and average sport enjoyed. As a rule, however, the visitations of this special ailment of grouse are exceedingly partial, though they are not, perhaps, less serious on that account. To a proprietor on whose ground birds are so scarce that it is hardly worth his while to carry a gun, it is poor consolation to learn that his neighbours are enjoying excellent sport. Much has been written of the nature and causes of grouse disease, but concerning these we are just as wise as our forefathers—that is, almost entirely ignorant. Much must ever depend on conditions of climate, yet with experienced and skilful management the probabilities of disease may be greatly lessened. First in order of importance we would class the management of the heather crop, which receives far too little attention in many districts of Scotland. The killing-off of old cocks, the due regulation of breeding stocks to the possibilities of the ground, the question of water supply on dry moors—all these, and many other points, demand the careful attention of those who would have their shootings as productive and healthy as possible. If, in spite of all precautions, disease should break out, the disposal of dead birds is a point of the utmost importance. On no account should they be buried, to preserve in the ground the germs of future epidemics; they should be collected in heaps and burned.

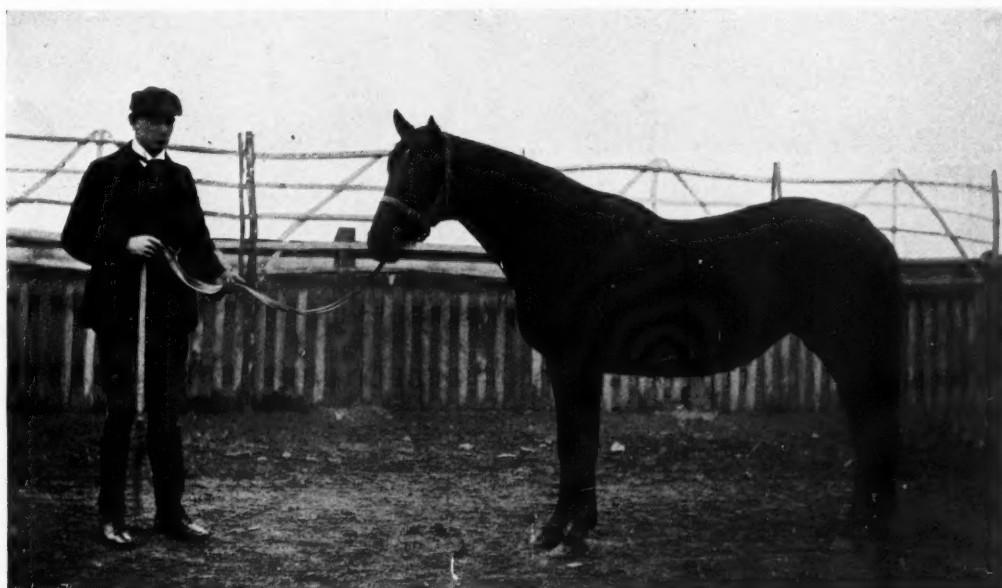
The heaviest bag at driven grouse this season was made by Lord Westbury and party on the famous Wemergill moors in Yorkshire; last year, also, these moors headed the list. Towards the end of August seven guns killed 1,041 brace of grouse in six drives. Dalnaspidal (Perthshire) is about the best "dog" moor in Scotland. Mr. Younger rents it from the Duke of Atholl, and last year his party killed 139 brace on the opening day. Mild winters are not very favourable to grouse, chiefly because the heather, which is always growing more or less, comes on too quickly;



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YORKSHIRE LADY.

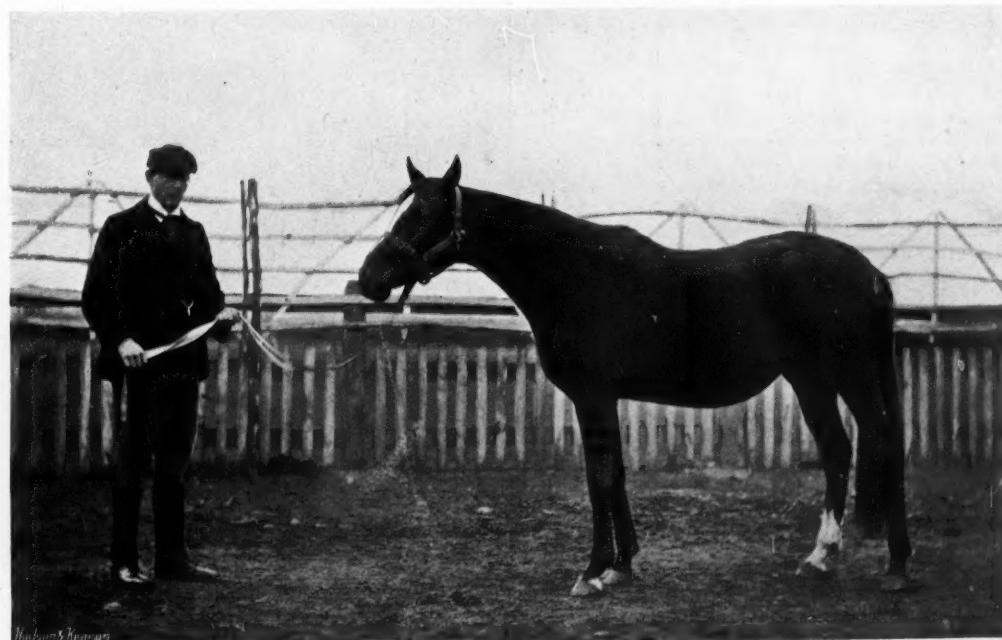
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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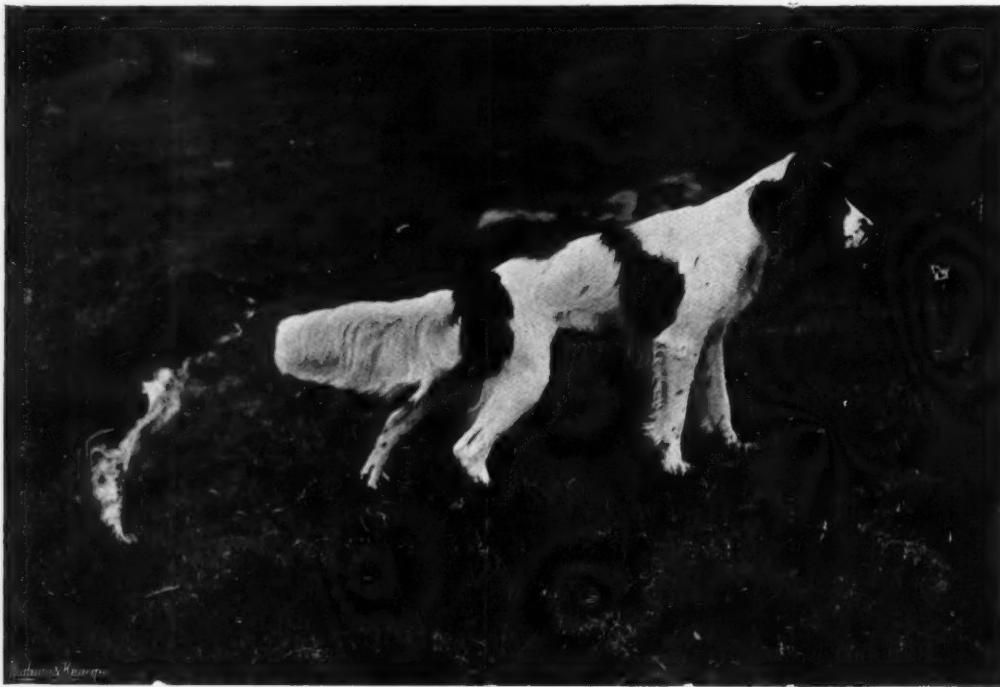
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LIPPA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and if sharp frosts are experienced in the spring the birds suffer from feeding on the blighted shoots. Nevertheless, the writer has received lately excellent accounts of the condition of the grouse in Perthshire.

Parmigan and black game made a good show last year; so far as we are aware 30 brace, killed on the Dalnaspiald tops, was the best score at the former variety; it has often been exceeded in past years. Black game are gradually becoming less numerous in almost every county of Scotland wherein they are still to be found. An extension of the close season has long been



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BLACK AND WHITE GORDON SETTER.

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advocated for these handsome game birds; possibly legislation may be witnessed in the matter before the breed is quite extinct. Sport with the brown birds was interfered with by broken weather in September; covert was somewhat deficient, and with the coveys wild at an early date, those who walked up their partridges did not make heavy bags. Excellent results were obtained by driving; one day Lord Ashlurton and five guns killed 1,458 partridges, besides other game.

In the coveris sport was of an average character throughout England and Scotland, very moderate in Ireland. Hand-reared birds came to the guns in satisfactory numbers, but there was considerable mortality among wild broods, owing to the cold backward spring. A disease of a peculiar character attacked artificially-bred birds in some districts. It was believed to originate in the selection of unhealthy hens as foster-mothers; and as pheasants and domestic poultry belong to the same family, and are liable to the same diseases, this is a matter which demands the most careful attention from pheasant breeders. Where disease existed, the same ground should on no account be utilised next year; the coops should be placed on fresh clean land. Woodcock were scarce last season, as they have been since the severe winter of 1894-95; rabbits but few.

Not Black and Tan.
THIS dog is a black and white Gordon setter, the property of Mr. J. Valentine Smith, of Ardornish, Morvern, Argyllshire. It would be, perhaps, too obvious a way of emphasising this statement to repeat it word for word; at the same time, it is well to make it plain that a black and white

Gordon setter is not a familiar sight to the Southron, though the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has a strain so marked. To be candid, I have shot over some scores of Gordon setters, but none of them have been black and white, and over some scores of black and white setters, but none of them were Gordons. Therefore, this beautiful dog of Mr. Smith's has interested me not a little. At first sight the picture recalls the English setter, not only by virtue of the marking, but also by the form of the "flag." To adopt the direct phraseology of a recipe—take Stonehenge's portrait of an English setter, place a hand over the fore part of it, and you shall have an almost exact facsimile of the hind part of Mr. Smith's setter. But take away the hand and study the fore part of the two pictures. You cannot fail to notice that the heads of the Scottish and the English dogs differ in a very marked way. The Scotch dog has precisely the points upon which Stonehenge insists in the case

of the black and tan setter, Gordon setter being an expression which he will by no means use. Historically, also, there is not the least reason why a Gordon setter should not be black and white, as well as black and tan. In the first half of the century there were many controversies on the subject of this strain, and the opinion finally reached was that the original colours were *white*, black, and tan. Breeders in general have fixed their attention upon preserving the black and the tan; but in the prudent North artificial selection has clearly resulted in the production of a black and white variety. And there are reasons for pursuing that object. To my mind it is desirable that a pointer or setter should be conspicuous, and, particularly on heather, a black and white dog is far more marked an object and more easily seen than a red or black and tan animal.

CANICULUS.

WINTRY WEATHER.

TO many of us living South of London and not too far West, it has happened to pass this winter so far as it has gone—and really the worst that can befall cannot now last long—without a sight of the snow. We are in some danger of forgetting what that wonderful sight is like—the sight of the earth, the trees, houses, all forms and colours, draped in one uniform monotonous white. It is not only the sense of sight that the snow strikes with its own strangeness and beauty. There is a peculiar mystery in the intense deadly silence of snow, that seems to intimate a species of death creeping over Nature's face. But if in the immediate South of London we are in need of being reminded of these beauties and mysteries, so much so that we have almost forgotten the exquisite feeling of a snowball, launched by a dolt schoolboy hand, landing on that peculiarly sensitive part of the person between the collar and the back hair, with the further result of icy-cold drops trickling down the spinal cord—if we have been unfortunate enough to forget these delights, those who live farther West, even in Devon and Cornwall, have had reminders, enough and to spare, of them. The fall has been unusually heavy, and the cause of many an accident. In the coming summer we shall be bitterly lamenting our lack of snow in the South. For two years the rainfall has been deficient by many



Photo. Frith and Co.,

THE WOODLAND PATH.

Reigate.

inches, and the springs have had no help in the present winter. It is wonderful how the forest ponies are able to crop a living off the



WINTRY WEATHER: THE SNOW-COVERED FOREST.

Photo. Frith and Co.,

Reigate.

snow-covered grass. They always seem able to fight snow better than continuous wet. Necessarily in such a winter as that of 1895-96, when the snow lay very deeply in some parts for weeks together, all the animals suffered dreadfully. The red deer came down off the forests and ate about the farms like domestic cattle. On any place relatively free from snow the grouse collected like a flock of rooks. These creatures do not seem to find any alleviations or compensations—they do not snowball each other, or make snowmen, or enjoy the more aesthetic delight of admiring the snow's wonderful beauty. At least they show no sign of such enjoyment. Some creatures find a pleasure in rolling in the snow, and that is a pleasure exclusively their own; we do not contest it with them. There is a suggestion, in the stream flowing through THE SNOW-COVERED FOREST of our larger illustration, of great possibilities in the shape of vast pike lying, with voracious appetite set on keen edge by the cold, for a live bait or spinning spoon that we might

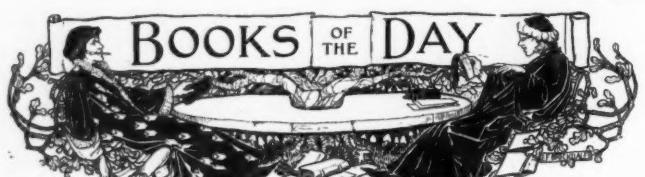
offer them. Every rabbit that has crossed this white waste has left his track plainly legible behind him, so that we may follow him even to the very tussock under which he sits crouched up and sheltered from the wind, and may fall on him before he can harden his heart to leave that cosy warmth and face the cold white world. It is a beautiful season for the poacher of the amateur class. For the professional it is less favourable—the snow that carries the rabbit's tracks will receive his own, no less legibly. Still, it is open to anyone to stroll along THE WOODLAND PATH, with a keen eye cast this side and that for a sitting rabbit, or even for one that may be lying strangled in a wire previously set. There is no rule against walking on the footway, even in the snow. And for the schoolboy it is the season of all delights. It is his holiday time, and it is the time at which every fieldfare and redwing will be lying closely in the hedge's lee, or flying out a few yards only with stiffened wings, falling an easy prey, and affording excellent eating at the school-room tea.

BEDS OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

THE advent of spring brings with it thoughts of the summer too, when the flower-beds, now surfaced with primroses, polyanthus, the fragrant auriculas, and a host of other gifts of the early year, have lost their vernal beauty. In the illustration, flower-beds are placed thickly on the grass in front of the house, though many prefer a velvety sward approaching the mansion without a broken surface, grouping the flowers on the outskirts in a picturesque way. Much depends of course upon individual colour fancies in summer bedding. A colour agreeable to one may be distasteful to another, but it is wise not to permit a plant of strong tone to overshadow other things of quieter shade. We mean, as an example, the use of the coloured beets, which have been used more frequently, unhappily, of late years, destroying all sense of refinement and repose. A liver-coloured beet and variegated pelargonium are a sufficiently unpicturesque combination to make the sensitive soul shun the garden, yet such wonderfully quixotic and crude mixtures are not rare. Irritating repetitions of variegated veronica, pelargoniums, and sedum make one weary of much present-day summer gardening, as if the beauty of flower-bedding was concentrated in a few tender bedders with coloured leaves. We see from the illustration the value of boldness in bedding and using plants of moderately free aspect, a relief to the scroll and carpet gardening in which everything was patted down to maintain a perfectly even surface. We shall be pleased to assist any reader of COUNTRY LIFE who is perplexed as to the scheme of colour to use for the coming summer. Many plants of great charm in growth,

Photo. F. Mason Good. THE TERRACE GARDEN, STRATHFIELDSAYE.

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MRS. HUGH FRASER'S "A Chapter of Accidents" (Macmillan) is as pleasant a little book as we have read for many a long day. Harry Surtees was a man about town, loaded with debt, and possessed of great expectations, who "carried on" with Mrs. Barton, very much of a woman about town, and a grass-widow; but, as luck would have it, the grass withered, and the flower thereof faded away. In other words, Mr. Barton, long weary of his wife and parted from her, died incontinently, and she became a real widow. Then Harry Surtees sought shy of her, and went to stay with his cousins, the Marstons, in Devonshire. There he found Sir Francis Marston, who hated him for a town-bred fop, Lady Marston, an austere and well-meaning dragoon (the kind of woman who deposes her husband and reads family prayers at him), Kitty, a charming girl on the verge of womanhood, and in love with Jamieson, an honest yachtsman, and Roy Marston, as mischievous a young scamp of a boy as ever lived. Harry, as of course, became tender towards Kitty; but then came Mrs. Barton, innocently invited by Lady Marston, to make trouble. Now Roy and Kitty had made up their minds to scare Mrs. Barton—whom they called Mother Bombazine—out of the house by playing ghost on her balcony. Kitty repented; Roy did not. On the contrary, he induced Surtees to carry him, believing him to be Kitty, though he smelt strongly of bull's-eyes, past Mrs. Barton's window. She screamed and fled; they did not scream, but they fled. Thereupon the British burglar broke through and stole Mrs. Barton's diamonds. Next day, somehow, Kitty first got engaged to Jamieson, and then persuaded Mrs. Barton and Surtees to come sailing with her in a boat on the verge of a storm. Mrs. Barton got frightened, and Kitty put her and Surtees ashore on a desert island, to wit, the Warren, and left them there. Then she got nearly wrecked in the storm, and was saved by Jamieson. Meanwhile Mrs. Barton and Surtees had

flower, and leaf are seldom thought of, doubtless, as a rule, because their value for this purpose is not known. While writing of flower-bedding, we may remind our readers that in spring the garden should be as fresh and fragrant as in summer, and in winter the massing of the mossy and larger saxifraga (rockfoils) and sedums has its attraction too.

quarrelled badly, had discovered Mr. Sikes, the burglar, on the Warren, and recovered the diamonds. Jamieson married Kitty, Surtees came into his fortune, nobody took the trouble to arrest the burglar, nobody cared what happened to Mrs. Barton afterwards. A plain story enough, it will be said. But, my dear sir or madam, it has the saving and rare gift involved in the constant presence of a sense of humour; and Kitty, at any rate, is a charming little person.

"Poor Max," by "Iota" (Hutchinson), will certainly disappoint many of the most ardent novel readers. They have grown accustomed to expect from "Iota" a literary meal which was strong meat, perhaps, and certain to command the interest of the reader. "Poor Max" is nothing of the kind. He is as white as veal itself; the very opposite of strong meat. He is a brilliant but contemptible creature; a Pendennis without any of the shrewdness that makes our well-beloved Arthur lovable in spite of his many faults. The first period of the book is idyllic, and the scene Irish. To Miss Becher, a charming and simple old lady, and her brother, Captain Daniel Becher, came a sojourner in the shape of Judith, tall, slender, deep-bosomed, and with eyes "purple and extraordinarily bright." Purple eyes are rare; in fact, I do not remember to have met them, except in the "wyvern," a bird of recent and poetic fable. Now Judith had been brought up abroad, had brought her dresses from Paris, was a very charming and unsophisticated creature, with an immense belief in truth, but of uncommon intelligence. She was also the daughter of Captain Daniel's old love. To the neighbouring house of Lady Grindal came Max Morland, a brilliant dabbler in journalism and art, full of high ideals which were never realised, not over-rich in his own resources, but the spoiled child of the world of Society. The two fell in love, of course, and married, in spite of the forebodings of Lady Grindal. Then came life in London; a life spent mainly at the cost of Lady Grindal, and partly at the cost of Sandy Muir, a soldier friend. It was a life in which Max made a few brilliant hits, but did little solid work. Moreover, he had a habit of giving away other people's money in the most charitable way to those who were in misery. First it was Lady Grindal's money, then Sandy Muir's, then the £1,000 which was all the money poor Judith possessed in the world. That did not annoy her as much as might have been expected, and her final disillusionment in relation to the character of Max came in a very trifling and unreasonable fashion. Captain Daniel had written a sonnet of merit which Max promised to hawk round among editors. Max, of course, did nothing of the kind. Sending one's own poetry the rounds is tiresome

enough in all conscience, and no man who had ever heard the opinions of editors expressed with the usual freedom on the minor poet would dream of undertaking the trouble for anybody else. Judith was looking through the pockets of an old coat of her husband's before giving it away—a most reprehensible habit, be it said in passing—when she found the sonnet, which she stared at silently for an hour, since it revealed to her that there was no truth in Max. Now in relation to the sonnet I should have behaved as Max did. So far I have sympathy for him, but I hope I should not have stolen the thousand pounds. Meanwhile finances got from bad to worse. Epigrammatic conversation makes no money unless it is reduced to writing, and Max, who never paid any bills, took to borrowing large sums from one Graves, a notorious lady-killer, who had already ruined one household, and was determined that Judith also should be his prey. However, Judith, always charming and beautifully dressed, saw through him; indeed she was warned against him. So Judith took to writing books secretly, sold them well, and paid the bills and sent Graves about his business. Then Max, whose affection for his wife cooled as he grew more useless and she more useful, started a platonic flirtation with Miss Ellice Gager, who was engaged to his friend Halley; and Judith called upon Ellice and talked to her and quenched the fire of that flirtation. Certainly the conversation of Judith during this interview was far more brilliant than any talk of Max in his most inspired moment. Then affairs grew more squallid. There were boys to educate, and Lady Grindal was dead, and Max suddenly realised that he was, as everybody else had known for some time, a failure. He had to shuffle off the pages somehow, so he did it by nursing Halley, long ago married to Ellice. Now Halley had got diphtheria and tracheotomy had been performed, and Max came to his death by clearing the silver tube in the heroic but rather disgusting way which alone is efficacious. Then Judith suddenly discovered that she had lost her inspiration, such as it had been, and at first she was going to marry Sandy. But Sandy lost his money in a lawsuit, so Judith jilted him and married Graves, not for his sake or for hers, but for the sake of her son Danny, in whom she saw a striking resemblance to his father. A second Max would, no doubt, want a great deal of money, but that was hardly a sufficient reason for jilting a true lover and marrying a thoroughly disgusting person. Besides, Danny, or Max II., was not too old for discipline. That is the story; and it is certainly not calculated to raise the reputation of the writer. I have, however, treated it at some length in fairness to my readers. I could not have believed that a book by "Iota" could be so troublesome in the reading.

A distinctly amusing little book is "Cassock and Comedy," by Athol Forbes (Skeffingtons). It is not a novel, but a collection of the experiences of a parson gifted with an abundant sense of humour. Stories are there of the funniest imaginable things said and done at baptisms and weddings and funerals. The gem, perhaps, is the story of a vicar finding an innocent and maiden visitor sitting in what was called the churciling pew on Wednesday. It was understood in the parish that to sit in that pew, on that day, indicated an unspoken desire to have that service performed, and the vicar had half churched the terrified maiden before he was stopped. But this business of picking out tit-bits has always seemed to me very unfair to authors. I will, therefore, commend the book to all readers as being crammed with innocent fun.

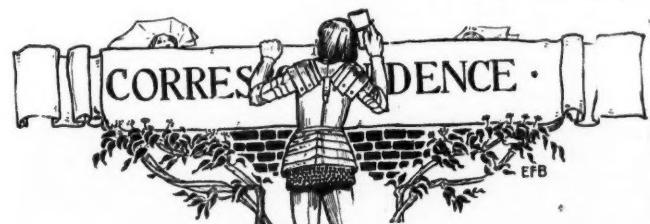
Few things are more strange than that the "Autobiography of Arthur Young" (Smith, Elder) should have come out in the year of grace 1898. But now that it has appeared it has found a most competent editor in Miss M. Betham Edwards. Arthur Young was an extraordinary man, able and versatile almost beyond precedent, and the record of his life is, as Miss Edwards says, singularly

interesting and singularly sad. Moreover, he was an admirable letter writer, and his correspondents were not only for the most part good letter writers, but also men and women of mark. Space will not permit me to describe half the charms of this book. It makes fascinating reading, and is of permanent and not merely temporary value. It ought certainly to be acquired for every country house library, and it gives us a wonderful insight into the Society of its author's time.



F. Ollie GOING DOWN TO THE WELL.

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OCCUPATION ROADS.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago, in your columns, I noticed a letter asking for the law about what are called "Occupation Roads." I have been waiting in the meantime for someone, speaking with authority, to give a verdict on the subject, but seeing that no authoritative statement has yet been forthcoming, I may mention that the result of my own amateur enquiries into the matter has been to show that there is really no law in regard to these "Occupation Roads." Originally they owed their being, likely enough, to use, for the purpose of going to their properties, by those who owned the land on either side of them, and hence has arisen the idea that these owners on either side are bound to maintain the road in good repair. This idea, however, seems to be a pure fiction; there is no bond on the holders of the properties to look after the road, nor does it fall within the functions either of County, District, or Parish Council. If the rates were diverted to the purpose of maintaining such a road, those who so diverted them would be acting quite *ultra vires*, and would probably put themselves within scope of a legal prosecution. It remains that those only will do anything towards repairing the road whose interest it is to do so. Those who have such an interest are very generally the proprietors on either side, but not always. It may happen that—as I gather is the case with your correspondent's road—it is the holder of a property which the said road does not actually touch that may have the greatest interest in its up-keep; and in that case he will have no remedy but that he must do the greatest part of the up-keep himself, and take his chance of what share he may succeed in getting contributed by the generosity of others who make use of the same road.—RUSTICUS.

THE WOLFHOUND IN CANADA.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a very interesting article on "Trapping in Canada," in COUNTRY LIFE of January 8th, I noticed a photo of a large deerhound or wolfhound lying in a tent; his head and general appearance are almost identical with the Irish wolfhound's. As a large number of the finest specimens procurable of this noble old breed were exported to North America in the eighteenth century, it is quite possible that there are still to be found some descendants of them fairly true to type and bred in districts where their strength and speed would be of value among big game. In view of the efforts now being made to restore the breed, it would be interesting to know if this is so, and perhaps some of your sporting readers who have visited that country could throw some light on the subject. I see it noted in *Our Dogs* that two Irish wolfhounds were last year exported to Louisville to try conclusions with the wolves of the Far West this spring, American deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds having been tried in vain.—W. BOYD.

CONCERNING BADGERS.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I happen to know a little about badgers, having lived in a county where there were very many of them and having taken a great many from their earths, and I think I can answer the question of your correspondent "Landowner" in your number of January 1st. Badgers do commit a certain amount of harm—a certain small amount, no doubt, in the way your correspondent suggests—eating eggs and young things, and perhaps grubbing at young saplings, but the greatest amount of harm the badger does is not in any of these ways, but in a playful habit he has of rolling and playing in the standing corn. The effect of this is to make it standing corn no longer, but lying down corn, which defeats the machine mower and so means a considerable loss to the farmer. This is the head and front, I think, of the badger's offending, and it is enough to make his extermination, or at least the reduction of his numbers, if at all large, very desirable, which reduction should be effected in as merciful a manner as possible. It gives good sport withal.—BADGER HUNTER.

MALMAISON CARNATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly tell me through your valuable paper *COUNTRY LIFE* (which I take in every week) the proper treatment for Malmaison carnations. Do they require heat at this time of year, or may they be placed in a cool frame? Is manure water good for them when coming into blossom, and what kind of soil suits them best? I am very anxious to grow a quantity, and should much like to know the proper treatment. Is it a good plan to take them out of their pots when they have finished flowering, and to plant them out in a good border? You are kind enough to say that you will give information on gardening, or I would not trouble you with so many questions.—E. K. G.

[As your queries practically embrace the whole routine of culture concerning Malmaison carnations, we will give a brief outline of the treatment found most successful. Purchase layers in the autumn if one has any choice in the matter. Grow these on steadily during the winter. One-half rich turf loam, and a portion each of thoroughly rotten manure and leaf soil, with a sprinkling of sharp silver sand, forms a good compost. Put the layers into 4½in. pots, and pot firmly. Place them in a cold frame, and upon a layer of sifted ashes. A position close to the glass is essential, and give very little water. Keep the frame closed until the plants are fairly established, when give air freely during open weather. Always supply water early in the day. Malmaison carnations are very hardy, and a little air may even be given during severe weather. In April, either pot them into 6in. pots, or plant out in a prepared border. Use the same compost, with a little mortar rubble added. The cold frame may still be used, with full exposure given during the early part of June. Weak and clear soot water is beneficial when the plants are becoming established, and even an occasional overhead sprinkling early in the day is helpful, and will assist in keeping down insects. Do not over-pot. When the plants have flowered, either layer some of the growths into small pots, or plant them out in the border, layering into similar compost as advised for the pot plants. These layers can be taken off in October, and the same routine followed. Malmaison carnations do not need artificial heat as a rule, a cold house being preferable, but where possible a little artificial warmth should be afforded to dry up superfluous moisture during a mild and wet winter. These carnations are not difficult to grow if reasonable care is taken. The rich selection of varieties that may be obtained now make this form of carnation more valuable than a few years ago.—ED.]

PLANTS UNDER TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have an enclosure outside my grounds with large chestnut and lime trees in it; there are a few laurels and rhododendrons in it, but they do not thrive, and as I find it almost impossible to get plants to grow, the ground always looks bare and uninteresting. I should be greatly obliged if you could tell me of some plant or plants which would live in such a place to spread over the ground and cover its nakedness. The aspect of the plantation is almost due west; it is backed by my kitchen garden wall, which is about 12ft. high, and this, in conjunction with the trees, allows very little sun to penetrate. I take great pleasure in reading your most interesting notes on gardening every week, and I shall be greatly indebted to you if you can give me advice in this matter.—WILDERNESS.

[Very few plants will thrive well under trees; the shade is too dense, and drip from overhanging branches is hurtful too. We should remove the shrubs and put down a surfacing of ivy, say the Irish kind, which will succeed if strong plants are put in and the shoots pegged down. We have seen daffodils succeed planted in this groundwork of ivy, and the yellow flowers make a rich break of colour. The St. John's Wort (*Hypericum calycinum*) will be quite happy under trees, and both in growth and flower is handsome. Snowdrops, wood anemones, the periwinkles (*Vincas*), woodruff, and the finely-coloured barberry (*Berberis aquifolium*) should succeed also. We, however, prefer the stronger growing ivies to anything else, as they are less likely to fail.—ED.]

PIKE FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would any of your readers who happen to be experienced pike fishermen—and I am sure there must be many such—kindly tell me what are the chances of catching pike when the water is partly frozen over. One fisherman has told me that one's chances then are very much increased, because the pike are likely to congregate in the spots free of ice, besides being in voracious appetite by reason of the frost. But, on the other hand, I have fished sedulously for several hours in such places, knowing many pike to abound in the water, and have caught nothing. Also it so happens that I have had the chance of looking down on a pond stocked with pike through some clear surface ice, and have there seen the pike busily at feed, just as if no ice were on the surface at all. I am, therefore, rather driven to the conclusion, in spite of my friend's assurances, that the pike do not take the trouble to come to the spots free of ice, and, in consequence, that the ice lessens one's chances of catching them just in the extent that it lessens the area of fishable water. But I should be very glad to have the opinion of some experienced person on this matter. Another trouble that I find is the difficulty of procuring live bait when the river is frozen. Curiously enough, the places of general resort of pike with us happen to be exceptionally free of ice, so that one would expect to find them there in even more than their usual numbers; but so far is this from being the case that they now seem to have deserted their favourite haunts completely, as if they absolutely preferred a roof

of ice over them. If a correspondent could enlighten me on this point, also as to the best mode of catching live bait when the water is frozen, I should be still more grateful.—JACK PIKE.

HARES SWIMMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe it to have been in *COUNTRY LIFE* that I have lately read some letters and questions about hares taking to the water; in any case, I think it may interest some of your readers to hear that I have seen not only the hunted hare, but also the hare that had no such inducement, take to the water freely. In the fen country they constantly cross the dykes that intersect the fen, and in the North of England I once saw one cross a largish river without any hounds in pursuit of it. It is true that this was a hunted hare in a sense, as I inferred from the fact that the harriers had been running in the neighbourhood all the morning, had lost their hare, and that the animal I observed was dark in the fur and stained, bearing all the appearance of having been run. But it was in the afternoon that I saw it leisurely approach the river, and swim over, when no hounds were near; and this same river I have also seen crossed repeatedly, not only by hares, but also by rabbits, not acting under any kind of compulsion, but merely as they wished to pass from one side to the other for feeding purposes. I think that these facts might be interesting, seeing that there seems to be some doubt whether hares, of their own free will, will take to the water.—AUSPEX.

TO KEEP RABBITS ABOVE GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much interest, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 15th, an account of how one of your correspondents had succeeded well with paraffin as a means of driving and keeping rabbits above ground. Let me say, however, that I believe I can go one better, for whereas he has to put in his paraffin with a peg and a piece of paper, I can tell him of a means that is even less trouble. It proceeds on the same principle—driving out the rabbits by appealing to their sense of smell. They hate paraffin, but they hate another substance more, namely, gasolene—at least that is the name that we, who are unscientific people, call it. At any rate, it can be procured—virtually for the taking away—from any gas-making place (coal gas, ordinary lighting gas, I am speaking of). It is only necessary to dip some pieces of rag in this stuff, and throw a piece of rag thus soaked at the mouth of each hole from which you wish to drive out a rabbit, and out he will come, unless he have a very severe cold indeed in his head. It seems to me, from the description of Mr. Rice as to paraffin, that the rabbits respond—that is, "bolt"—quicker to the smell of the gasolene, and having so bolted they stay out equally long, so I claim that on all counts my method has advantages. After so much boasting I cannot sign my name, but remain yours—OUTIS.



IN THE GARDEN

HERBACEOUS PHLOXES.

AS these handsome hardy perennials may be planted now, a few notes upon them will perhaps be valued by our readers. The well-planted garden owes much of its richness in late summer to the herbaceous Phloxes. Their vigorous aspect and sumptuous flower displays are valued when the freshness of summer blossom is passing away. During recent years beautiful kinds have been added to the family, which now gives many shades, from purest white to deepest crimson through soft salmon and other delicate tints. The habit of the plants has improved also; the growth is less leggy and weedy, but sturdy, leafy, and crowned with bold flower panicles. Deep, rich, and moist soil is best adapted for them, anything poor and dry being utterly unsuitable. The robust growth requires great support, and through their surface-rooting character the plants should be, if possible, freely mulched with well-decayed manure. This will promote strong growth, a greater flower display, and finer individual blooms. When very dry weather prevails, give liberal waterings, especially if the soil is at all light. Carefully stake those kinds that seem to ask for support, and it is wise to thin out the shoots—at least the weakly ones—to enable stronger growths to develop freely. These will carry finer flower heads, and a richer colour picture results. In planting herbaceous Phloxes it is wise not to select a position exposed to the full sun. In hot years the flowers mature quickly, and their beauty is soon past. The plants enjoy partial shade, and the colours are richer against surrounding foliage.

PROPAGATION.

Cuttings are readily struck in late summer. Select moderately ripened shoots and dibble them—after cutting just beneath a joint, removing, too, sufficient leaves to give a clear stem for insertion in the soil—in a bed of light soil, such as would be used for potting Pelargoniums in. Cover the cuttings with a handlight, shade from bright sun, and sprinkle them occasionally. This is far better than propagating from plants placed in heat in spring; but this latter plan is often followed. Old roots are placed in a brisk temperature, and when



Photo, Mrs. Deane.

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GRASS WALK IN THE FAIRFIELDS GARDEN.

the shoots are ready they are taken off, potted separately in small pots, or put round the sides of 4in. size, similar to many other cuttings, and placed in peat. When rooted, pot off separately into sixty-sized pots, and plant out in early May, or before if the weather is suitable, previously well hardening them off. The Phlox may also be raised from seed sown as soon as ripe in a cold frame or in heat in spring. Seedlings flower a little later than plants raised from cuttings, but named varieties must be propagated in the last-mentioned way.

CLASSES AND VARIETIES.

There are two classes of perennial Phloxes—the early, and those that bloom a few weeks later. The former have in great part originated from *P. suffruticosa*, whilst the later kinds have come from hybridising such North American species as *P. paniculata*. It is this class that gives the remarkable range of colours. The following list of varieties has been carefully compiled, and covers many shades of colour:—Avalanche, pure white, dwarf, and bushy; Aurore, tall, salmon shot with crimson; Belvedere, dwarf, and free, carmine-rose with deeper centre; Berlizot, rose, and dwarf; Beranger, dwarf, salmon-pink; Beatrice, dwarf, rose, centre white; Coquilicot, orange-scarlet, a very handsome Phlox; Claudot, very late, pink; Eclaireur, carmine-shaded purple, tall; Etna, orange-scarlet, a showy variety; Eugene Danzainvilliers, lilac; Evenment, salmon; Le Vengeur, rose pink; Flambeau, scarlet, a splendid kind for colour and effect; Pluton, dark purple; Sylphide, pink and white; The Queen, pure white; W. Robinson, salmon, an old but charming variety, tall; and W. Ramsay, violet. There are, of course, many other varieties, but these have been selected for their colour and growth. Bold groups of Phloxes are very handsome, and they should play a large part in permanent beds of hardy plants, against plants that flower earlier to give a succession. Phloxes are rarely happy in the same position for more than four or five years. They should then, if possible, be planted in a fresh spot, otherwise they get tired, so to say, of the soil, and go back, losing freedom and ruddy health.

THE FAIRFIELDS GARDEN.

Our illustration this week shows a charming peep into the garden of Mrs. Deane at Fairfields, Fareham. This garden represents two distinct periods, the lower portion being very old, and added to in the course of years. One can still see the old brick pillars that marked the former entrance, Clematis having cast their flowering embrace around these relics of a past age. The mixed borders on either side of the grass walk are filled with the flowers that bring colour into the garden throughout the year, and aged espalier fruit trees separate these flowery borders from the vegetable garden beyond. Irish yews planted at intervals add a welcome note of sombre colour, which throws into relief the gay flower masses and luxuriant turf. We have visited many of the most beautiful English gardens, but it is seldom one is greeted with a sweeter picture than this, where one gets the true effect of light and shade, with that most welcome of all walks—grass. This leads us to remark that where possible the walks should be of grass, which is restful to the eye and pleasant to walk upon. At that glorious seat, Alton Towers, grass walks and drives prevail, and the visitor is not offended by a medley of hard or stony gravel paths. In such a walk as that represented it is possible to plant a variety of things requiring different conditions, the trees near providing shade for the flowers that appreciate shelter from hot suns and boisterous winds. It is a feature an artist would delight to paint—varied, gay, and restful.

CELERIAC.

This is a delicious vegetable, but few know that such a dainty dish is in existence. It is common enough abroad, France especially, where the preparation of vegetables is an art. Celeriac is a turnip-rooted Celery, and as delicate in flavour. Plants are very easily raised by sowing seed in heat in a similar way to that of the ordinary Celery, and planting out in rich soil in May or June. The roots will then be in condition for use during the winter, when one desires to vary the list of vegetables as much as possible. It is very hardy; plant in deep drills, not trenches. Let the rows be 3ft. apart, and the roots 18in. from

each other. Moulding-up, such as is practised in Celery culture, need not be carried out, but give liquid manure liberally during the growing season each week, with applications of plain water if the weather is very dry. Unless this root receives thoroughly good culture, success will not be achieved, but this may be written of all vegetables. Celeriac is welcome in the salad bowl. It is delicious when used in much the same way as Beetroot—that is, boiled whole, and then sliced up with other ingredients. When used as a vegetable it may be peeled, boiled whole, then strained, and boiled again in good stock for fifteen minutes, serving whilst hot. Celeriac is a welcome accompaniment to game or poultry.

THE CAPE PRIMROSE (*STREPTOCARPUS*).

A family of greenhouse flowers new to many is that known as the Cape Primrose or Streptocarpus, a group of tender plants raised by hybridising certain species. The present race of *Streptocarpus* has been developed by the same process that gave to the world the Gloxinias, tuberous Begonias, Chinese Primroses, and many other glorious groups. For many years past the hybridiser has been working to achieve certain results which by his skill and perseverance have been realised. The *Streptocarpus* may be compared to the *Gloxinia*, the flowers being, however, smaller but similar in form and as varied in their colouring. Each year the colouring is more diversified, some varieties almost pure white, others of a rich self shade or finely mottled and veined within the throat. Brightness and purity of colouring mark the family, the flowers being welcome for gathering for the house. A strong plant will produce a great display, and at two periods of the year.

GROWING THE PLANTS.

Streptocarpuses are suitable for an ordinary greenhouse temperature and for the warmer structure usually described as "intermediate." Any temperature varying between 50deg. and 70deg. seems to suit the plants, which appreciate a rather moist atmosphere with shade from very hot suns. When grouped with ferns, the clear pretty colouring and dainty form of the flowers are intensified. A good soil for them is that composed of turfy loam and leaf-mould, mixed with a little well-decayed cow manure and sharp silver sand. The manure must be rubbed finely. Never over-pot the plants, and place them upon a cool surface, as moisture is essential to success, not, however, moisture produced by too much water.

PROPAGATE BY SEED OR DIVISION.

but the easier way is to increase the plants from seed, as divided specimens rarely succeed so well as seedlings. The seed may be sown now or in summer, some time in July for preference. The best results come from the summer-raised seedlings, but if seed is sown now the plants will flower this year. Sow the seed in a shallow pan filled with loam, leaf-mould, and sand, in equal proportions, putting in ample drainage in the way of crocks. It is a mistake to water the soil after sowing, as the seed is apt to get washed away. Sow thinly, do not cover the seed, and keep the pan dark until germination has taken place. When the seedlings are large enough, prick them off into 2½in. pots, and pot on as necessary. A small packet of seed saved from a thoroughly good strain will give many lovely varieties.

TRADE CATALOGUES.—The seed and Begonia catalogue of Mr. John R. Box, West Wickham and Croydon, contains a useful list of seeds and the tuberous Begonias for which this grower is famous. Messrs. Pulham and Son, 50, Finsbury Square, London, E.C., draw our attention to their pamphlet describing the "Pulhamite" rock, which is much used in the construction of waterfalls, rock gardens, etc. We have received the first number of the *Cactus Journal*, a new horticultural venture, which has for its object the promotion of a stronger love for this curious race. We hope the journal will succeed, but cactus enthusiasts are not numerous, and it is questionable whether they can support a special journal. The venture is well printed and illustrated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help readers desirous of information about gardening in any of its branches.



MONDAY: Nellie has returned to her native shores once more. Her sojourn in the South of France has taken all the wave out of her hair and placed the burden of padding upon her hips, and the like she declares to be the inevitable state of modish affairs this spring. I may unwave my hair—it is extremely likely, as such policy would have the advantage of economy—but I shall certainly not follow the edict of the protruding hip. I did not explain to Nellie how little I admired her policy, because I was feeling rather grateful to her for that diamond comb she sent me from Paris. The popularity of such is immense. There were five of them in the stalls of the Criterion Theatre to-night, and Miss Mary Moore wears a wonderful specimen of diamonds and turquoise, while Miss Brunton exploits their attractiveness in an example entirely made of diamonds. Altogether the fashions on the Criterion stage echo the last cry of Paris, at least, so Nellie says, and I suppose for the next week or two she will consider herself the highest authority on costume. Anyway, whether the last cry or the first cry, there surely never was a more beautiful evening dress than the one worn by Miss Mary Moore in the first act. And how admirably does her skirt set! It is of white satin, with lines of fine lace traced with silver paillettes inserted down the centre, and sweeping away to the back with rounded corners, its trimming commencing at the knees in the front, taking a long curved line, and heading a deep flounce of the lace covered with paillettes. How much more graceful is the seam of the skirt when it goes down towards the back than when it ascends in the

style the authorities have been trying to induce us to recognise. The bodice of this white satin gown has a trimming of the lace glittering with silver, while the sleeves are quite short; the arms are encircled at the top with crossed bands of narrow turquoise blue velvet, and mittens of lace traced with the silver are hemmed with a narrow roll of blue velvet to fall over the base of the fingers. Then round her neck Miss Moore ties a little scarf of lace in the most fascinating fashion. The entire costume is beautiful. And beautiful, too, is the dress she wears in the boating scene, with the skirt of white cloth and a little bolero formed entirely of blue woollen lace, worked with blue chenille, and covered with a running pattern in little blue ribbons, the revers to this being embellished by narrow white ribbons. The waistcoat is of white cloth to match the skirt, and at the neck is tied a white tulle bow; while the hat—such a pretty hat it is!—is of black tulle over white with two waving plumes at one side, together with cockades of black velvet and blue velvet and a bunch of pink roses. Miss Sara Brook's gown in the third act is delightful too, made of a little striped white and green and yellow silk. It has button-holes formed of folds of yellow glacé down the side, and a fold of the same at the hem, while the short jacket is of green glacé, with a raised design in glacé flowers with yellow centres running all over it, a double fichu collar of lace tying on the bust and reappearing with short ends at the waist, the finishing touch being successfully put to this by a broad band of black velvet round the throat.

All these gowns were new to welcome Charles Wyndham back to the stage after his recent illness. I wish he had bought himself a new hat at the same time; that white straw with the black ribbon spoils his best beauties. I have always yearned to urge him to consider the superiority of an ordinary straw, and this was such a good occasion for such reckless expenditure. Well, I will forgive him his hat, I will forgive him anything;



THE GREY THEATRE CLOAK.



THAT HAT OF RUCKED BLACK CHIFFON WITH ROSES AND QUILLS.

there never was a finer actor. When he says anything it is everything, and when he says nothing it is more expressive than most people's finest oratorical efforts—an observation which I made to-night in the theatre, and Nellie said, severely, "Do not rave about actors, it is terribly old-fashioned."

THURSDAY: I put on all my new clothes, and I went to Niagara to swell the profits of Mr. Stiegert's benefit, and to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness looked wonderful; she always does. She wore a black velvet jacket with chinchilla, and appeared very cheerful and intensely interested in the company. The distinguished wife of a distinguished theatrical manager and her most distinguished friend were both to be seen exploiting the charms of tam-o-shanter hats with eagles' quills, and one of them had a wonderful cloak of sable. Duchesses were much in evidence, and there was a charming skater wearing a delightful dress of pale grey with the skirt tucked to the waist and a tight-fitting bodice of a darker shade of silk revealing a front of accordion-pleated chiffon draped with lace. One other pleasing gown had a dark blue skirt trimmed with narrow lines of bright green velvet, and a bodice of green with sleeves of blue. I did not see many clothes that I loved, but I met a worthy hat entirely formed of rucks of black chiffon, with four jewelled quills curled from the front to the back wth their stems buried in pink roses.

I drank four afternoon teas with various persons whom I met, and came home to find some more of my amiable friends from Monte Carlo had filled my rooms with flowers. Why do not the florists over here cultivate those anemones in red and pink? Decoratively, they are most valuable, and they have durable virtues. I had a whole boxful of violets of mauve and purple, and some wonderful lilies; and I had an opportunity at dinner-time of showing them to Nellie, and mentioning the fact to her with considerable point, I hope, while I told her that the like was what I expected and desired from all friends who go South while I remain here in the—? I am sure I do not know whether London is east, west, or north!

I went to the Lyceum to-night, to renew my acquaintance with that marvellous Shylock of Irving's, and that truly delicious Portia of Ellen Terry's. I must say I like my Shakespeare served up at the Lyceum. Even the supers seem to be impressed with the responsibilities of their silent eloquence, and give unto them the right import. The only gentleman in the play is Shylock, as Irving portrays him. The rest of the roysterers, who talked so much of their affection, but did not make up the ducats, were a poor lot. The performance was a joy. So was a cloak I met in the hall, of the new silk poplin—"eolienne" some autocratic godmother had named it—in a light shade of grey, with a pointed cape, and fronts embroidered in grey chenille, a line of smoke fox being round the shoulders, and a frill of lace falling over the full sleeves. She was a wise woman who wore that; for if she replaces the fur with rufflings of grey chiffon, she will have a cloak which will do her admirable duty during the whole of the summer season. Why do I not think of these economical things?